

The IMPROVEMENT *Era*

October
1949

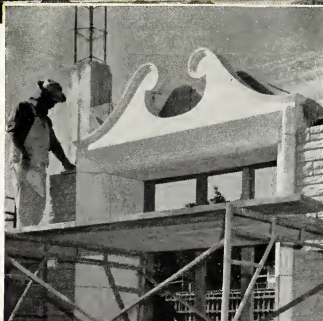


In This Issue

A FORMULA FOR HAPPINESS, *President George Albert Smith*; THE JERUSALEM SCROLLS, *Dr. Sidney B. Sperry*; PROBLEMS OF THE YOUTH OF THE CHURCH, *an Open Discussion*; plus 52 pages of Church and special feature articles, stories, poetry, etc.



Bonneville Ward and Stake House. Architects: Young and Ehlers. Contractors: Jacobsen Construction Co.



Above: Buehner ornamental cast stone is used on entrances as well as on steeple, pillars, and other ornamental details of the new Bonneville Ward and Stake house.

Below: There are more than 40,000 Buehner pink lava blocks in this building. Note how well blocks "fit in" with other building materials.



ALL down through the ages men have applied their best knowledge of arts and crafts, their most prideful workmanship, to create magnificent church buildings. The creators of today's churches are no exception. Artistically and spiritually conceived designs are interpreted by master builders—using the materials that are most appropriate to the dignity, beauty, and permanence of the Church.

Buehner cast stone beautifies many L. D. S. buildings . . . from the complete "Mo-Sai" facing of the Idaho Falls Temple to the steeples, entrance pillars, window trim, and other ornamental details of the new Bonneville Ward and Stake house. The glistening, warm tone of the cast stone suggests delicate purity combined with great strength, richness combined with classic simplicity . . . it contrasts pleasingly, yet blends harmoniously with other building materials; it requires little maintenance.

Buehner blocks, too, are used in many new churches. The new Bonneville Church, for example, contains almost 40,000 of them, used for interior walls and partitions. Low erection cost and low maintenance, combined with fire safety, sound absorption, and insulation qualities, make these blocks ideal for fine churches.

For the best in architectural cast stone and concrete masonry, look to

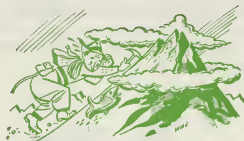
Buehner OTTO BUEHNER & CO.
BUEHNER BLOCK CO.

Salt Lake City

EXPLORING THE Universe

By DR. FRANKLIN S. HARRIS, JR.

A NEW plastic insulator has been made by taking a molasses-like synthetic resin and heating to 350° Fahrenheit, trapping oxygen as it expands to 100 times its original volume.



THE top part of Mt. Everest is nearly six miles above sea level, but it is made of limestone which was originally deposited below sea level.

THERE are a considerable number of well-authenticated instances of fish falling from the sky. A recent case was in Marksville, Louisiana, Oct. 23, 1947, when fish ranging from two to nine inches, averaging a fish to the square yard, fell on an area 1,000 feet by 75 or 80 feet wide. There were no strong local winds or rains in this particular case. In Essen, Germany, in 1896, frozen fish fell from the sky.



ANCIENT Egyptians used a simple clarinet made from a hollow cane, with a part of the cane forming the reed. A similar instrument made by gluing two canes together is still used in Egypt. The modern clarinet was developed from the French chabameaux, a short, cylindrical wind instrument, shaped like a jointed oboe with a bell and two keys. Adolphe Sax straightened out this oboe-type instrument in 1836 and made the clarinet into its present form.

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OCTOBER 1949



New Package

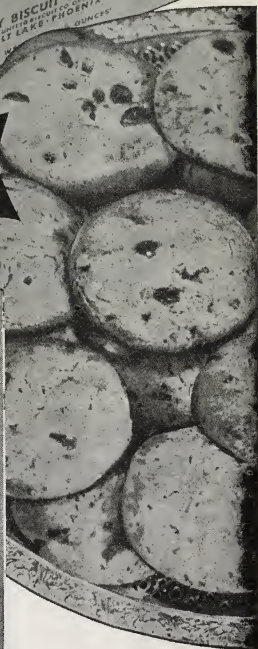
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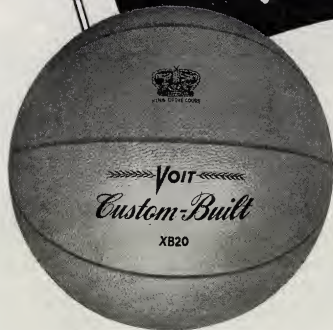


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Exploring the Universe

(Continued from preceding page)

PROFESSOR R. GEORGE JAAP of the Ohio State University has found that poultry of either sex and almost any age can be fattened rapidly without extra feeding by adding female sex hormones of the estrogen group to the chicken's diet.

PROFESSOR KARL VON FRISCH, the German specialist on bees, has found that a bee's ability to tell other bees the direction of a new supply of food depends on the bee having a clear glimpse of the sun, or at least the sky. Other bees are told by means of a dance in which the distance is shown by the dance pattern, and the direction by the way the bee's body is pointed most of the time.



IN classical times in China delicate melons were sent 2,000 miles west by road from the city of Hami in Chinese Turkestan as presents to the Chinese emperor.

DR. BERNARD GOTTLIEB has developed a new method for reducing tooth decay by as much as ninety percent. His method consists in sealing off the teeth from bacteria by coating first with zinc chloride and then with potassium ferro-cyanide to form a white, insoluble coating.

DR. JAMES A. L. MATHERS and others in the *American Heart Journal* have reported tests showing that the increase in heart rate due to smoking results from the nicotine in the tobacco. Smoking cigarettes with nicotine, even one-ninth that present in the average regular cigaret, causes a significant increase in heart rate. This increase is the same as that produced by the intravenous injection of 0.6 milligram of nicotine alkaloid.

RECENT careful studies have revealed that a large raindrop can change shape up to fifty times a second.

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October
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VOLUME 52
NUMBER 10

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OFFICIAL ORGAN OF THE PRIESTHOOD QUORUMS, MUTUAL IMPROVEMENT ASSOCIATIONS, DEPARTMENT OF EDUCATION, MUSIC COMMITTEE, WARD TEACHERS, AND OTHER AGENCIES OF THE CHURCH OF JESUS CHRIST OF LATTER-DAY SAINTS

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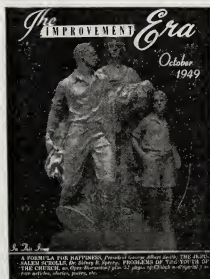
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The Cover



"New Horizons," the monument by Dr. Avard T. Fairbanks pictured on the cover, is symbolic of the improved IMPROVEMENT ERA we offer you this month. The new features herein move us one step nearer our goal of making THE IMPROVEMENT ERA the best religious magazine in the world. The photograph was adapted to cover use by Charles Jacobsen.

(See editorial, page 648.)

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ATLANTIC UNION

By DR. G. HOMER DURHAM
Head of Political Science Department,
University of Utah

AN unusual result flowing from the North Atlantic Treaty is the effort to achieve "Atlantic Union." An Atlantic Union Committee for a Federal Convention of Democracies has been established with headquarters at 537 Fifth Avenue, New York, 17, New York. President of the Committee is Owen J. Roberts, former associate justice of the United States Supreme Court. The two vice-presidents are Robert P. Patterson, former Secretary of War, and Will L. Clayton, former assistant Secretary of State.

On July 26, 1949, Senator Estes Kefauver, Democrat of Tennessee, introduced a resolution in the United States Senate on behalf of eighteen senators, including Senators George, Georgia; Gillett, Iowa; Sparkman, Alabama; Miller, Idaho; Cain, Washington; Baldwin, Connecticut; Hendrickson, New Jersey; Ecton, Montana; Chapman, Kentucky; Frear, Delaware; Fulbright, Arkansas; Hill, Alabama; Kilgore, West Virginia; Maybank, South Carolina; McCarthy, Wisconsin; Thyne, Minnesota; and Withers of Kentucky.

The resolution was also introduced the same day in the House of Representatives by Congressmen James W. Wadsworth of New York, Judd of Minnesota, Boggs of Louisiana, Smathers of Florida, and Davis of Tennessee.

The resolution states,

Whereas the parties of the North Atlantic Treaty have declared themselves determined to safeguard the freedom, common heritage and civilization of their people and whereas our federal convention, 1787, worked out these principles of union as a means of safeguarding the individual liberty and common heritage of the people of the thirteen sovereign states. . . . Now, therefore, be it resolved by the Senate (the House of Representatives concurring), that the President is requested to

invite the democracies which sponsored the North Atlantic Treaty to name delegates, representing their principal political parties, to meet this year with delegates of the United States in a federal convention to explore how far their peoples, and the peoples of such other democracies as the convention may invite to send delegates,



can apply among them, within the framework of the United Nations, the principles of free, federal union. (Italics author's.)

The Atlantic Treaty already contains a provision to the extent that it is hoped the pact will tend to "eliminate conflicts in their economic policies and encourage economic collaboration between them." Mr. Roberts, Mr. Patterson, Mr. Clayton, and their colleagues evidently are of the opinion that the pact expresses more than a hope and that an effective scheme of political collaboration should be developed.

There have been many schemes for world government, either on a universal or a nuclear scale, advanced in recent years. It would be very surprising if the Atlantic Union resolution introduced on July 26, 1949, should receive favorable majorities in both the Senate and the House of Representatives. Yet the introduction of the resolution by Senator Kefauver and his eighteen colleagues symbolizes an upsurge of feeling which will have to be considered and reckoned with in these times.

THE STREAMS GROW WIDER

By Manfred A. Carter

I CANNOT dream of sailing ships at sea
Because I float on streams in small
canoes;
There is no way to set my spirit free;
There is no swaying depth to this dark
ooze.
I drift the winding ways of soft tree green
And paddle downstream to the waiting tide;
There is some greater freedom still
unseen—
Some new horizon for this childish pride.
OCTOBER 1949

The streams grow wider with each passing
day;
There is more sky above the later years:
This current bears me on from way to
way—
My heart is heavy with the weight of
tears.
But large ships wait on that horizon line—
And all the universe, in vast design.

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our sincere
congratulations
to the ERA Staff
in this forward
step into color—
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The Silver-eyed Frog

By MYRTLE JANSON

IN the year 1870, Joshua King, a freckled-faced lad of fifteen, was prodding his hard-pulling mules through the hot Dixie sands and suffocating dust with his first load of stones for the mining town of Pioche, Nevada.

Joshua was thinking of the trick that had been played on Sandy Bennett, and wondering what would become of him, for the miners were furious. For a long time they had called him a fake assayer, and now they had proof of his dishonesty. Joshua had furnished them with a broken piece of sandstone; they had crushed it and had it assayed: two hundred ounces of silver to the ton when everybody knew that silver could not be found in sandstone. Didn't the government bulletins say so? And that petrified tree with silver streaks and the petrified frog with silver eyes—all hokey!

But Joshua would call at the assay office as soon as he reached Pioche. "What if Bennett should be right?" he asked himself, "and everyone else wrong? Even the scientists? Such things have happened."

Then he heard hoofbeats approaching. Was it Indians on the warpath? Finally in a cloud of white dust, half a dozen horsemen galloped by calling, "Howdy, kid; better hurry up if you want to see the fun!" Coils of rope were waved in the air.

Joshua recognized some members of the vigilante committee, and wondered who was to hang now. He shivered as he thought of the three men he had seen the year before dangling from the cottonwood back at the spring. He used the whip and called to his mules,

but they could not go faster through the deep sand.

Finally his patience could be subdued no longer. He drove into the sagebrush at the side of the road, unhitched his mules and riding one bareback, trotted them into Pioche.

THERE at the assay office, an excited crowd had assembled to witness the lynching of the fake assayer, Bennett. Joshua turned faint and sick. The rope was around Bennett's neck, and also around a large limb of the cottonwood tree; a box was under the limb; and Bennett was being prodded to step up. A shot rang out; the command, "Halt," was given. Everyone was mystified.

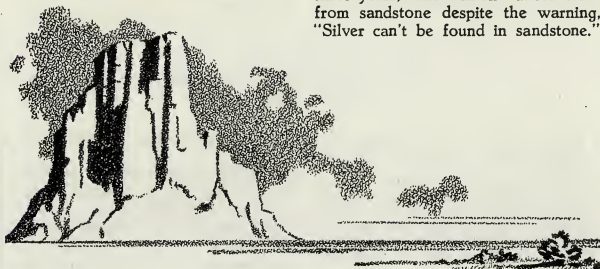
In the commotion, the stagecoach had lumbered in, the horses alither and steaming. The sheriff, red-headed, six-foot-three, all muscle and brawn, stepped down. "What's going on here? Git the rope offen that man's neck—quick! Now, what's up?"

Confused explanations were made. "Trial tomorrow," the sheriff announced.

On the coach with the sheriff was an expert assayer. Together with Bennett they went over his work. They examined the petrified wood with streaks of silver and the stone frog with silver eyes. Joshua was allowed to listen.

"Come on, Bennett," commanded the sheriff. "Here, Joshua, show us where you got that sandstone from; I'm going to stake me a claim. And that frog—Gee Whiz! No wonder it had silver eyes; it was stuffed full of silver. Where'd it come from?"

Thus began—according to history and legend—the stampede to Silver Reef, southern Utah, where 17,000 ounces of silver were taken from a single petrified tree, and where in three years, nine million ounces came from sandstone despite the warning, "Silver can't be found in sandstone."





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— at no extra cost — can send
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THE CHURCH MOVES ON

A Day To Day Chronology Of Church Events

AUGUST 1949

7 OREM FIRST WARD, Orem (Utah) Stake, was formed by a division of the Vermont Ward. Bishop of the new ward is Allen D. Johnson.

11 ONE HUNDRED SIXTY THOUSAND Primary children celebrated the seventy-first anniversary of the founding of the Primary Association. Each ward and branch Primary planned a program which suited its particular organization.

12 MUTUAL IMPROVEMENT ASSOCIATION CONVENTIONS for the season began with a convention in the Union Stake at La Grande, Oregon.

13 ANNOUNCEMENT was made that a microfilm camera had been set up by the Genealogical Society of the Church to film records of the Church historian's library and of the society. The Genealogical Society is currently operating twenty-one microfilm cameras throughout the world, five of which are in the United States.

15 PRESIDENT J. REUBEN CLARK, JR., laid the cornerstone for the new Mexican Branch chapel in Salt Lake City, in a program which featured a short address in Spanish by President Antoine R. Ivins of the First Council of the Seventy.

17 GENERAL Superintendent Elbert R. Curtis announced the appointment of Royal L. Garff and Harry Clarke to the Y. M. M. I. A. general board.

18 "A NEW WITNESS for Christ in America," a sacred pageant, was presented at the Hill Cumorah. An estimated seventy-five thousand spectators saw it during its three-night presentation. Additional thousands viewed it by television. Color movies of tableaux were made by the New York State Division of Publicity.

19 AN institute for instructors was begun in Salt Lake City under the direction of the Church Department of Education. Teachers of approximately thirty-two thousand Church youths of western United States, Canada, and Mexico, heard instructions from Dr. Franklin L. West, Church commissioner of education, and Elders John A. Widtsoe and Henry D. Moyle of the Council of the Twelve in the two-day discussion.

20 PRESIDENT GEORGE ALBERT SMITH was the principal speaker at the dedication of the reconstructed Menor Ferry, Moose, Idaho, one of the landmarks of the old west. President David O. McKay offered the dedicatory prayer at the services.

Elder Spencer W. Kimball of the Council of the Twelve dedicated the chapel of the Richfield (Utah) Second Ward.

An announcement was made that the general public would be invited to see the two Church welfare films "The Lord's Way" and "Welfare in Action" which would be shown at the semi-annual welfare meetings of the various stakes during the next six months.

21 GLENDALE PARK WARD, Pioneer (Salt Lake City) Stake, was created from portions of Poplar Grove Ward. Kenneth G. Frost was named bishop of the new ward.

Hollis G. Hullinger was sustained as president of the Roosevelt (Utah) Stake, with William Russel Todd and R. V. Larson as counselors. President Ray E. Dillman is the retiring president; Leland M. Angus, the retiring second counselor. President Todd succeeds himself as first counselor.

26 ARNOLD FRIBERG's centennial Sunday School painting was unveiled. Other Sunday School features of the day included the reactment of the first Sunday School class; a parade participated in by eighteen stakes of the Salt Lake area; and a reception. August 26 is the birth date of Richard Ballantyne, who founded the Sunday Schools in the Rocky Mountains on December 9, 1849.

28 ELDER JOHN A. WIDTSOE of the Council of the Twelve dedicated the Glenwood Spring Branch chapel, West Colorado District, Western States Mission.

South Edgemoor Ward, Hillside (Salt Lake City) Stake, was formed from the Edgemoor Ward, with Douglas H. Smith as bishop.

An unnamed ward, with Seldon N. Heaps as bishop, was created from portions of the Mountain View Ward Hillside (Salt Lake City) Stake.

Elder Clifford E. Young, Assistant to the Council of the Twelve, dedicated the chapel of the Castlegate Ward, Carbon (Utah) Stake.



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ON THE Bookrack

IN OUR IMAGE

(Character Studies from the Old Testament. Houston Hart. Oxford University Press. 197 quarto pages. 32 color paintings by Gay Rowe. 1949. \$10.00.)

THIS "imposing" volume contains twenty-six thrilling stories from the Old Testament told in the words of King James' version, with nonpertinent material omitted. The result is delightful, impressive reading for young and old. The color paintings, really portraits, accompanying the stories are fine, successful attempts to have the faces of the ancient heroes reflect the virility of their souls. It is a fascinating departure from traditional Bible illustrations.

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GREAT SALT LAKE—PAST AND PRESENT

(David E. Miller. Annex 129, University of Utah, Salt Lake City, Utah. 42 pages. 50 cents.)

THIS well-written, nicely illustrated, and beautifully-printed booklet is designed especially for tourists; but it should also be in the hands of all who are interested in the history, geology, and use of our great salt-charged lake. Romance lingers about the Lake's history, from prehistoric times to the present. Its saline wealth stirs the imagination. The Lake offers unique, delightful enjoyment.

Into the booklet is crowded in unhurried language all the major facts about the Lake. It is the only available popular source of information about the Lake. The booklet is needed.—J. A. W.

PRINCE OF THE RANCH

(Olive W. Burt. Bobbs-Merrill, New York. 1949. 239 pages. \$2.50.)

ANOTHER book from the industrious and capable Olive Woolley Burt will prove of more than the usual interest to the juvenile readers who like courage and adventure. And it would seem strange, too, if many adults will not take a quick peek at the book and decide to follow it through to the end. The experiences of Tim and his sheep dog, Prince, in the high Uintas of northeastern Utah with Dolph, the twenty-year-old shepherd who didn't

like citybred sheep dogs are sure-fire adventure. Everything about the sheep camp will prove of unusual interest—and to learn of someone who actually lives in one—that is of course of the greatest of interest.—M. C. J.

SCIENCE AND RELIGION AGREE

(Milton Jenkins Jones. Deseret News Press. Church Service Co., P.O. Box 2245, Salt Lake City. 1949. 19 pages. \$.40.)

A FAITHFUL gospel student here discusses the perennial question of the relationship between science and religion. The time, order, method, and governing forces of creation are discussed successively and intelligently. It would help many a student who is battling with modern theories in science and the simple facts of the gospel. There is an interesting chart of the chronology of creation.—J. A. W.

THE ART OF READABLE WRITING

(Rudolph Flesch. Harper and Bros., New York. 1949. 237 pages. \$3.00.)

ONE hesitates to write a review of this book since he may find himself guilty of the faults that the author flays. However, the book should be read; the messages should be accepted; and the lessons put into practice. This book has encouragement for all who deal with language, written or oral. As an editor, I especially appreciate the chapter on "How to Operate a Blue Pencil." As a reader you will appreciate the good sense and fun behind the book.—M. C. J.

ANIMAL HIDE & SEEK

(Written and illustrated by Dahlov Ipcar. William R. Scott, Inc., New York. \$1.50.)

WRITTEN and drawn in vivid color by Dahlov Ipcar this book will give the younger set pleasure as well as much information concerning the home life and habits of the small birds, and animals which people the woods.—E. J. M.

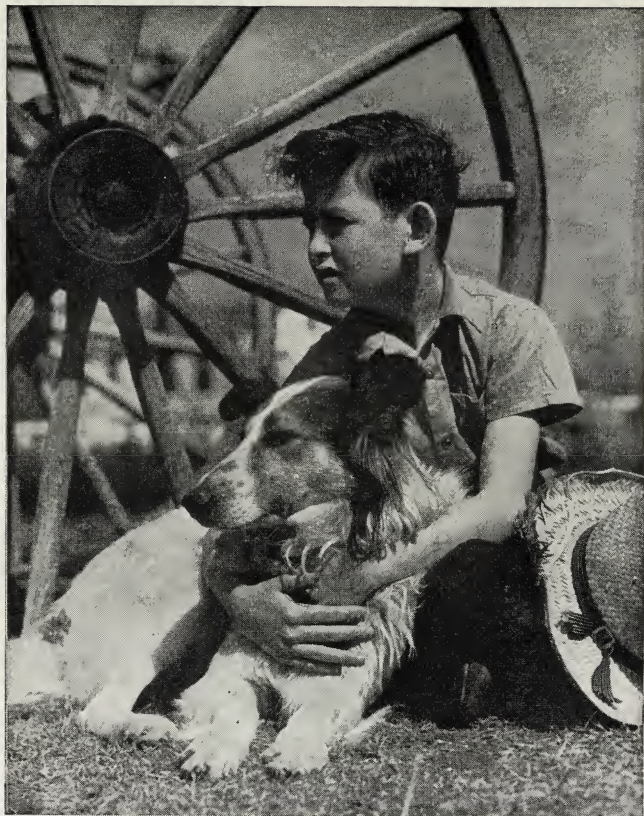
THE FAR DISTANT BUGLE

(Loring MacKaye. Longmans, Green and Company, New York. 1948. 264 pages. \$2.50.)

THE west of a near century ago—complete with Indians, scouts, and the army outpost of Fort Bridger—is the locale of this book. Joe Littlebee, the hero of the story, has been reared in his Indian household by an old scout,

(Continued on page 648)

THE IMPROVEMENT ERA



—Photograph by Edward Zychal

Give Me Boys

By GRACE SAYRE

THE world would be a lonely place
Without a small boy's freckled face.
It's fun to have a boy about,
Wandering in—his shirttail out,
Rumpled hair—and tan, deep brown.
A jacket torn, should bring a frown.

His throat can hold such lots of noise
With whistle calls to other boys,
And pockets full of everything,
Sometimes a frog, or apple, string.
Just give me boys about the place,
Each lacking any postured grace,
For boys are genuinely good
And seldom have a company mood.

Poetry

THE NAMES OF COLORS

By Elaine V. Emans

STRANGE how the names of colors can be brushes
For painting scenes when they are only words.
Say *scarlet* to me, and the sumac bushes
Of fall appear; say *indigo*, and birds
And deep-dyed shawls will come to mind;
say *yellow*,
And sunlit rooms and daffodils abound,
And apricots and peaches turning mellow.
Say *silver-gray*, and the dusk will steal
around
Me, and I'll see old ladies' hair, and the
coats
The gray squirrels wear in winter. Say
blue-green,
And I'll see water, in looking down from
boats.
Pronounce the name of any shade between
The spectrum's red and violet: for each ear
That hears, a different picture may appear.

THE HARVEST

By Bessie Wolvington

PARTLY because she did not wish to rob
Her surplus seedlings of their chance
to grow,
She tilled a space within a vacant lot
And put them there, her garden's overflow.
Yet all the while she worked, she
visualized
Tall stalks of brightly gleaming red and
gold
That she would gather in the early fall
And carry to the "shut-in" and the old.
The God of nature gave abundant aid,
For in his wisdom well he understood
That she who labored thus would in the
end
Of all concerned receive the greatest good.

PIONEER POET

By Margery S. Stewart

MARTHA SAUNDERS had no time for pen
Or paper when her soul was shaken.
No quiet place to write, with oxen jerking
Across the trail they had taken.
There was so very much to write about,
Hands, easing a soul into life,
Or helping another leave, protesting clay.
Martha knew the turning knife
Of birth and death and love and hate,
The shrieking of the mob.
Only a wagon now for cover, eight
Crowded within. Zion unrisen
From sage and sunflowers and the earth
Like iron. Holy City a prison
Of Indians and rattlesnakes and crickets.
But Martha saw tomorrow.
She had the words, never the time:
A baby cried; a neighbor wept in sorrow;
Children were ragged, never enough food,
A thousand tasks between the sun and
sun.
And in between there was no interlude.
But from her lost words rose the golden
city.
Born of her love, her travail, and her pity.
620

FOR WHAT THERE IS OF BEAUTY

By S. H. Dewhurst

BE GLAD for what there is of beauty
anywhere
And wonder not how long it may remain;
let ride
Your heart upon the wings of morning;
let it clear
The heights of earthly living and be not
denied
The ecstasy of hearing Nature's nocturne
played;
Let it fling itself away with the fleeing leaf
And know the tempestuous sweep of the
wind, unafraid.
All of beauty, as with time, is so very
brief.
Now, now while the stars are shining,
now while the sun
Pours down its countless blessings, or
while the rain's sweet patter
Bestirs the souls of city street and wood-
land, let none
Seek out its yesterday before you know it
better!



AUTUMN QUIET

Solveig Paulson Russell

SILENCE of an autumn day
Is a fragile thing,
Quickly shattered by a song
Or a fluttered wing.
Just an acorn dropping
Through dry grass, tired and tall,
Is enough to splinter
The small silence of the fall.

PUGET SOUND

By Beulah Huish Sadleir

THE WATER in the sound lies deathly still.
No tempest seems to mar its latent form
Where yesterday it moved in angry tone,
No lenient aid to check its harsh soliloquy.
Today, a mirror for a painted sky,
A gentle fretting seems the only urge
To push its fingers toward a forest shore—
And feel again the solidness of Earth.

PARTNERSHIP

By Ora Pate Stewart

THIS field is mine and God's;
He sends the rain;
I break the clouds,
I plant the seeds he gives me,
Pull the weeds.

He lights a fire in every swelling pod;
I tend the green flames;
He fans them with the south wind.
Trims them with the sun,
Feeds them with the moon.
We wait.

The season done,
We will divide the yield—
This field
Belongs to me and God.

OCTOBER CLEANING DAY

By Ella Waterbury Gardner

THE wind has swept our hilly streets
As clean as Grandma's sitting room.
It's Friday cleaning day today—
October works with mop and broom.

She's polished up the mirror pond
And fluffed out cattail down,
And brushed the rubbish into piles.
She works with such an anxious frown.

She's hung on hillsides, in the sun,
The rugs and drapes, a rich display.
She's run the sweeper on the lawn.
Cobwebby clouds are wiped away.

And now before her work is done
She gilds the hazy noonday sun.

FERTILITY

By Evelyn Wooster Viner

TREES plume above the suckling roots
which, growing deep
Into the earth where unremembered peoples
sleep,
Explore their graves with fingers strong
and kind—
Stand sentinel above the lonely bones
they find.
The grass grows lush where skeleton of
buffalo
Was powdered into dust these centuries
ago.

Still would the greedy soil withhold a
gracious yield,
Spread burning barrenness across the
plotted field,
But water gurgles down the rock-ribbed
mountain slopes
Where snow, deep-banked, renews in
breast of man new hopes.
Maneuvered into channels strange, this
muddy gold
Will unregenerate earth to have
and hold
Fertility within its bosom deep and wide—
Push back the grasping, grudging sands
that cling outside.



A FORMULA FOR HAPPINESS

By President George Albert Smith

SOME OF our people are patterning after the follies of the world, and are blinded to their danger until it is too late. Among those of our generation are many good, faithful, honorable men and women. Then there is another class who are devoted entirely to worldly ways. Amusement of every kind, and temptation of every kind, are thereby placed within the reach of our children, and the result may be in some cases that, if we are not careful, we will lose some of them.

It is your duty and mine always to be exemplary in our conduct, to seek to do good to our fellow men; to encourage not only our own children but also the children of our neighbors to works of righteousness, to honor the Sabbath day and keep it holy, to honor father and mother, and to observe the other commandments that our Heavenly Father has given to us from time to time. This is our privilege—and more than that, it is our duty, because the Lord has conferred upon us the priesthood and has given to us a knowledge that he lives.

If as the head of a household I fail to influence the lives of my family to avoid the evils that afflict mankind, if by reason of my own carelessness or my indifference I fail to inspire in my children faith in God, surely I must know that sooner or later I must repent in sorrow.

If as members of the Church we fail to listen to the advice and counsel of our Heavenly Father, we will not gain but we will lose our blessings.

You know it is such a little thing sometimes that misleads us. I have thought, as I travel among our people who have been advised not to drink liquor, not to use to-

bacco, not to drink tea and coffee—and all the many other things that the Lord has counseled us for our health and happiness—the Lord has advised these things, and we should observe them.

But when we go into the homes of many Latter-day Saints, we discover that, for some reason or other, some of them have never learned these things. I wish there were some way of instilling into the minds of old and young alike a greater feeling of appreciation for the advice and counsel of our Heavenly Father, and a desire to benefit by it.

It ought not to be difficult for us to keep the commandments of the Lord, because keeping them leads to happiness.

It ought not to be difficult for husbands and wives to love one another and be true to one another, because doing so is a source of happiness.

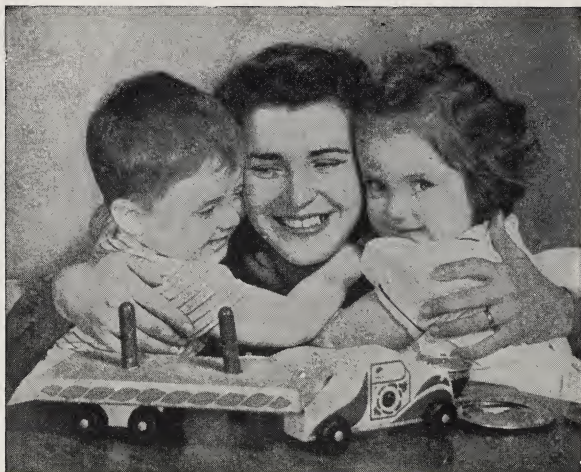
It ought not to be difficult for boys and girls to love their parents and honor them, because that is another source of happiness.

Always being truthful is a source of happiness. Being honest with our neighbors is a source of happiness. Keeping the Word of Wisdom is a source of happiness. Paying him our tithes and our offerings is a source of blessing and happiness.

I might go on and enumerate many other things, but I may sum it all by saying: All the happiness that is worthy of the name, all the real happiness there is in this world, comes from living in accordance with the commandments of God—whether men know it or not.

And the only thing for us to do, if we want to be happy, is to live righteous lives; and if we will do that, the Lord will see that we are made happy.

The Editor's Page



—Religious News Service Photo

"**F**ELLOW" mothers of 1949, how are we doing in this business of motherhood? Are we measuring up to the women in other generations who were "great" mothers? The pattern of the Latter-day Saint woman is one of achievement in whatever she undertakes to do. So, how do we rate?

HOW IMPORTANT IS MOTHERHOOD?

When the experiences of life are called into account and are evaluated and rated as to importance, the supremely important and fundamental one of all where a woman is concerned is that of being a mother.

Rightly practised, motherhood would solve many of the problems of the race; and a world full of good mothers would be a world full of peace, harmony, goodness, and joy. For her nothing else in the world, not great works of art, literature, or science, worldly acclaim in any chosen profession or vocation, compares with her job, the bearing and rearing of children.

Some women among us do not see it that way; with them, motherhood has fallen into disrepute. Such women would put it far down the list of blessings and privileges. They would rank money, possessions, travel, beautiful clothes, jewelry, servants, and other luxuries first because their minds have be-

come confused by idle chatter and vain ambition, and they have been deceived about what is vital to their lasting happiness.

The women of our Church know the importance and joy of motherhood. They have been taught and have observed that the home is the greatest institution in the world, that father and mother have the greatest partnership. He is the *head*, she the *queen* of the home. Her responsibility as mother in the home with the children, as their teacher and exemplar, is of utmost importance. True, it is in large measure that "the mother in her office holds the key of the soul, and she it is who stamps the coin of character." This is a beautiful tribute to the power of a good mother's influence in the life of her child.

What is the truth about mother-daughter relationship? You remember when your daughter was first placed in your arms, a tiny bundle, not looking like much of anything to anyone but you; how your heart swelled almost to bursting as you nestled her close and peered into her tiny face. Your own baby, here in your arms, safe and whole. You could visualize her growing up through babyhood, childhood, into her teens and young adulthood. Why, one day she would be a woman, a lovely, beautiful woman, good, talented, and charming. You could hardly wait. How you dreamed of the things you would do for her and of what she might become!

Fervently you prayed your dreams would come true.

Maybe now, at this moment, she

Apron Strings

"A world full of *good* mothers would be a world full of peace, harmony, goodness, and joy."

By Verna W. Goddard



—Photograph by H. Armstrong Roberts
THE IMPROVEMENT ERA

is a vivacious youngster of ten or twelve years or she is in her teens, a constant challenge in thought, word, and deed. If she is around twenty, you already see in her the fulfilment of some of your dreams. Maybe not just as you dreamed, because she has exhibited capacities of which you little knew. Whatever her age she is your dotting daughter, and you are her eager mother.

The most important things in the world are those that go on in the institution of the home. It is in your home she should learn the eternal verities. It is there she should develop sterling character. This girl is your treasure. You knew her in the pre-existent life. Perhaps you stood with her in the council in heaven and pledged love and assistance to her in this earth-life experience. Do not fail her now. You are her source of inspiration.

The Lord expects you to teach her his revealed word, to implant faith and obedience deeply within her heart. You may not leave her training entirely to teachers in school and church. They will assist, but you are her teacher, her exemplar, her strength.

She and her brothers and sisters will come to appreciate their home as a real institution of learning. Someone said, "Home is the cradle of democracy, or democracy in miniature." It is here that children from their earliest years are recognized and welcomed as contributing members. Congenial home life demands sympathy with and insight into the feelings of others. Successful living is more a matter of feelings and attitudes than of techniques. Observation and discussion where the views of each are respectfully listened to and considered is a good family pattern and will accomplish mutual understanding.

It is perhaps not the total absence of conflict but the wholesome solution of conflict that makes for growth both in the individual and the home. A rule might be made in every home against any member "popping off" with rash statements. It does seem that "some people set their tongues going and go off and leave them." Why not establish the attitude that everyone may speak freely but that there must be evidence of thought behind every statement? Mother, can you make

the point clear that we argue points, ideas, not persons or personalities. Because a girl's brother does not agree with her on a particular subject is no reason for an emotional upset or feeling that he doesn't like her. She too should be open-minded and accept new evidence; after all it may be only a matter of opinion and either or both could be right. If, however, it should be a question of right or wrong, you and father may have the answer. Would the entire family profit by listening in, then save further discussion for the next home night. Should need of a decision be urgent, call a family council and in a friendly, business-like manner, with father and mother as arbiters arrive at the truth. This is ideal training for conduct in future church or business operations. It is also ideal for teaching family loyalty and solidarity. To know that one may express opinions freely or ask any question however silly it may seem to others, without being ridiculed, creates a deep loyalty to those who so respect you. This same loyalty prompts the members of the family to keep these differences or disagreements sacred within the

(Continued on page 680)



—Photograph by Pinney of Monkmeier

The great out-of-doors is constantly inviting us to enjoy its beauties. . . .

Don Lee with Mamma Rose (Anna Rosenkilde) from whom he receives continual inspiration.

For Scout Don Lee "second bests" were not good enough.

Handicaps beset him, and it was the hardest thing he ever did, but

...



The SUMMIT was his goal

By Forace Green

HIKING fourteen miles for the First Class requirement isn't much more than an average event for most Scouts. For a boy without legs, it is something else again. For Don Lee, it was the hardest thing he ever did. It was also a demonstration of the spirit of scouting that this young man without legs has caught.

On October 26, Don will receive his Eagle badge, highest award in scouting, at a court of honor to be held by the Riverside District in Salt Lake City. It has been a long, hard, but happy trail. He has at last reached the summit he set out for that summer day when his immediate objective was fourteen miles.

"Why not become an Achievement Scout?" his friends asked many times. "You just need to pass the Second and First class tests that do not require hard physical activity and then earn all the merit badges you can."

But second bests are not good enough for Don. So on a sunny morning in August, 1944, he started out. He had been camping at the

Tracy Wigwam in Mill Creek Canyon. Camp officials told him they would help him all they could but that he must walk every step of the way. A junior staff member was with him.

They headed down the canyon. At first it wasn't bad—even fun. He felt fine. He was happy because by the end of the next day he would have passed the one test along the Eagle Trail that would be hardest for him.

For a couple of miles Don did a lot of remembering. He couldn't recall when he had legs. He never had walked on them except maybe when someone was holding onto his hand. He was only nine months old when he had lost them at the knees in a fire. He had been taken to the Primary Hospital in Salt Lake City. It had become his home.

These artificial legs had been provided him by the pennies contributed by children from all over the Church. They had made it possible for him to live, to be loved, to become a good Scout.

Anna Rosenkilde was superintendent of the Primary Hospital

when Don was taken there as a baby. She took a personal interest in him. Along with the hospital nurses, she taught him how to talk, how to take care of himself, and how to walk on man-made legs. She became a mother to him, and when she retired she took Don with her. It was Mamma Rose who was be-



Don Lee pursuing his favorite hobby, swimming.

hind him now, hiking in his every thought along that asphalt Scouting trail.

Rattlesnake Hill was the first real test of the hiker's skill. Cars don't go up this hill in high. And wooden legs have a peculiar habit of wanting to get out of control when you're not on level ground. But a stout heart can command even wooden legs. So they went down Rattlesnake Hill. That rock bridge at the bottom surely was a welcome sight. He could not only sit on it and rest, but he could also lean on it while he walked a few feet of those fourteen miles.

Funny what a boy thinks about when he has nothing to do but sit and think—and walk and think. Take rattlesnakes—moving quickly to get out of their way is difficult for someone without his own legs, but that doesn't matter. A rattlesnake could strike a dozen times and wouldn't hurt that wood and metal one bit. Still, a rattler gives a boy that chilled feeling when it sounds off, even if it can't do him any harm—on the legs that is.

There were more hills between him and the mouth of the canyon. But he took them in artificial stride. At the crossroad he turned north along Wasatch Boulevard. There was a hill to go up before he would be where he could look out over the valley. It was here that he realized how really tired he was getting. Here the thought of quitting and trying some other day started keeping time with his pounding heart. It wasn't only a matter of being tired, it was a matter of being sore. Those leg stubs never had healed entirely. Several times he had been back to the hospital to have new skin grafted on them. No one thought he would make it anyway. So it would be the natural thing to let his companion go back for the car. But that First Class badge shone bright. And the Eagle was calling.

When he passed the reservoir near Parley's Canyon, it was swimming that kept him going. "Wish this were a fourteen-mile swim," he mused. "It would be easier." Don had been given a life member-

(Concluded on following page)



Another of Don's hobbies is photography



Gary Archibold, second class Scout from Magna, Utah, lost his legs this summer in a boating accident on Bear Lake. Here Don assures him that advancing from Second Class to Eagle is not only possible but fun.

THE SUMMIT WAS HIS GOAL

(Concluded from preceding page)

ship to the Deseret Gym. The late Charles Welch saw in this boy a chance to prove what he had always maintained—that swimming was our best physical recreation, especially for the handicapped.

So Don had learned to swim, and swim well. It wasn't long after his hike that he won the swimming merit badge. Soon he had the merit badge in life saving. But that wasn't enough. He went on to get the Red Cross Junior Life Saving certificate.

Towing a person his own weight in the water would seem to be a problem for a boy who has only stubs for legs. But Don has developed a tow all his own. To keep both arms free for power, he places the patients head between his knees and uses the back stroke.

Thinking about the one physical activity he thoroughly enjoyed helped to pass the time. But camp officials had told him he had to "walk every step of the way." So he couldn't swim. Walking by this time had become a real task. But he kept at it and in time reached the big bridge over the gulch at the mouth of Parley's Canyon. When Don looked down onto the floor of the canyon from the bridge he wished he had his camera. Taking pictures was one of his several hobbies. He had developed films and printed pictures. The photography merit badge would be one of the first he would get. But fourteen miles was a long way to push two wooden legs. They were heavy enough without any extra weight. So he had to carry the pictures in his memory.

At the highway Don and his buddy turned west. They had become real friends by this time. Every time the hiker suggested quitting, his companion told him they were too far along now to stop. "Wouldn't they soon be half way?" he encouraged.

And it was true. Just a mile or so down the road was Suicide Cliff. This was the half-way mark. Here they could turn around and start back. They didn't talk about the fact that they still had the up-hill half to go.

By nightfall they were back af

the bridge. The Wigwam director had brought their sleeping bags and dinner. Don turned in early. Never before had he been so glad to get those straps undone. Of fourteen miles, he had hiked about eight that day, with the six hard ones left. But he was thankful.

SLEEPING under the stars helps a boy obey the twelfth law: "A Scout is reverent." Don had always been taught the ways of the Church. He had been a good Primary member. He now held the Aaronic Priesthood. The Lord had blessed him with a good voice, and even though a boy he sang in the ward choir. He appreciated his blessings and stayed awake long enough to say so. But he didn't count many stars after his prayers.

Sleep is a wonderful thing. You wake refreshed. But when you never walked so far before, you also wake stiff and sore. It takes a little more time to get back on your pins. But breakfast helps. Whereas the night before Don was not so sure he could go on, this morning he was ready to try it again.

From the bridge to the mouth of Mill Creek Canyon, Don thought a lot about advancement. He was getting near enough to his First

Class rank to know that he could soon enter the field of merit badges. The five needed for the Star rank would come easy. There were two or three sticklers for a boy without legs in the Life requirements. And there were some real obstacles in the Eagle group.

That merit badge in physical development was going to be a humdinger. He would have to demonstrate reasonable efficiency in two outdoor sports requiring physical development and pass three tests according to his weight in the athletics merit badge. Well, maybe, counting swimming.

Don didn't know it then, but the physical development merit badge along with those in pathfinding, pioneering, cooking, civics, and others were to win for him a new rifle with a telescope sight as a prize in an advancement contest conducted by the Riverside District. Among 170 Scouts in the eight troops in his stake, he "walked off" with first place.

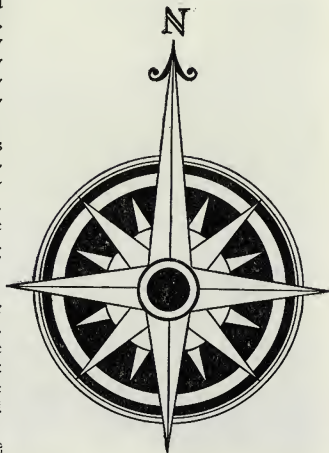
The real test of courage and stamina came after Don had passed the powerhouse and started up the canyon. Every step was an effort; every hill was a mountain; every bend was a mile; every mile, a lifetime.

There wasn't much thinking or remembering or planning going on inside the Scout during those last five miles. There was only walking. "I would have quit a thousand times," Don said, "if it hadn't been for the encouragement I received from my buddy and my desire to pass the test."

The thrill that came to Don as he walked up to the Wigwam that afternoon comes only to those few who achieve the impossible. Leaders expected him back yesterday. But he was here today—and on his own two legs. He was First Class.

That thrill will come again to Don. It will come because he wasn't satisfied to become an Achievement Scout. It will come because without legs he learned to hike, to swim, to win contests—to be a good Scout.

It will come on October 26, when Mamma Rose pins a badge on her adopted son Don Lee, Eagle Scout.





“Mormon-Praedikanter”

...the story of a painting

By WILLIAM MULDER

ON AN August afternoon in 1948 you find yourself in Copenhagen's *Kongelige Bibliotek*, the great royal library, whose endless shelves have been affording you a kind of field day in your research—you are up to your ears in Danish emigration literature, particularly Mormon and anti-Mormon accounts, and at your elbow is Henning Henningsen, young lecturer and archivist from the library's Danish Folklore Collection, who has dropped his own work to help you. It isn't every day that he can talk with a Mormon from Utah. He is full of suggestions concerning likely places to look for material bearing on your subject, and then, by means of personal forays into the stacks, he cuts through red tape to get you what you want on short notice—because you have only a few days,

precious time snatched from a mad-paced sightseeing tour of Scandinavia.

You hear Henningsen in one of his many bright-eyed moments ask eagerly if you have seen the “Mormon painting” in Statens Museum for Kunst, the State Art Museum. You are in the reading room of the library where even a rustling page startles preoccupied scholars; so you answer in a whisper, but inwardly you are so excited you want to whoop. The original of the so-called “Mormon painting” is the one thing in Copenhagen you wanted especially to see; years ago you had seen a print of it on the walls of mission headquarters in Rotterdam; only two summers ago when generous Hugo D. E. Peterson at the Church Historian's Office in Salt Lake City had given you

—Photograph, courtesy William Mulder



Throughout the Danish countryside Mormon missionaries passed many such monuments as this . . . erected by fierce Vikings in honor of chiefs who fought valiantly for their belief in Odin, the “Allfather” and Thor, the Thunderer.

a copy of Andrew Jenson's *Scandinavian Jubilee Album*, published in 1900, you noticed that a reproduction of the painting had been used as a frontispiece; you had used it, in fact, just last year to illustrate a graduate history paper on Mormon migration from Scandinavia written for one of Harvard's eminent professors. Yes, you want to see that painting!

And then Henningsen clouds over with the recollection that the painting is probably in storage, along with the rest of the museum's

(Continued on following page)

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regular exhibit, to make way for a current display of modern art. But your good man Friday gets on the phone, and before you know it, he has arranged an appointment for you with Inspector Erik Zahle, museum director. You'll get a private showing! Henningsen inks an X on your pocket map of Copenhagen, tells you to be sure to take tram number ten, and heads you in the right direction.

At the museum, having followed winding graveled walks lined with clipped hedges and ornamental statuary, and having run the gantlet of uniformed attendants, you find yourself at last in the director's office. He greets you cordially, puts a catalogue and some books at your disposal, looks professionally to the lighting, and, leading you to the far end of the room, discreetly leaves you to view the object of your sentimental pilgrimage. In one of those sudden, unaccountable associations you recall at this moment how once in Amsterdam you sat overwhelmed before Rembrandt's "The Night Watch," a canvas so splendid a great hall in the *Rijksmuseum* was devoted solely to its exhibition. In its casual, temporary setting, the painting before you now seems small and insignificant, smaller than you had imagined it. But you feel somehow that visitors must unfaillingly pause before it; its title is no less arresting than its color and realism. "*Mormon-praedikanter*, 1856" reads the little brass nameplate on the frame: Mormon preachers. You turn to the cata-

"MORMON-PRAEDIKANTER"



MR. MULDER

EDITOR'S NOTE

William Mulder, now a member of the University of Utah faculty, is a former associate editor of *THE IMPROVEMENT ERA*. Born in Holland, his convert parents emigrated first to New Jersey when Bill was five—and to Salt Lake City six years later. In the middle thirties he filled a mission to his native land, and World War II saw him in the U. S. Navy. Last year he was one of six winners of an international essay contest sponsored by the Swedish-American steamship lines in connection with the centennial of Swedish emigration to the United States. His award was a tour of Scandinavia, and this is a report on a part of it.

logue and thumb quickly to the entry for Exhibit No. 143 to learn more:

Two Mormons in their wandering have come to a carpenter's cottage in the country where by preaching and by citing some of the scriptures of their sect they seek to win new adherents. Christen Dalsgaard, 1856.

The official description, in true catalogue fashion, furnishes the exact measurements of the painting—79 by 110.5 centimeters—and adds that in 1871 it was received as a gift from *Selskabet for Nordisk Kunst*, the Society for Nordic Art.

Your curiosity aroused rather than satisfied, you send your eyes back to the painting itself for the long look that discovers more and more as details of scene and characterization unfold, and the Danish household lives again a particular moment in history.

All the materials of the daily life of a Danish country carpenter are there as they were nearly a hundred years ago, from the latchstring on the inner door to the giant wooden mallet leaning against the ladder. The scene breathes strength and

cleanness, the strength of rough-hewn ceiling beams and supports, the cleanness of whitewashed walls—an elemental sturdiness that you sense in the people themselves. The interior seems so convincing in its details that your nostrils prickle from the pungent odor of fresh shavings scattered on the floor; your hand feels the warmth of the summer sun pouring in through the cobwebbed casement window and flooding the workbench still littered with the dishes of the *mellemmad* or noon meal as they stand congenially side by side with the carpenter's tools. You follow the light as it winks on the silver buttons and brings out the colors of the old peasant's "town clothes," and comes to rest finally on the upturned face of the blind girl.

With the light, you linger on that face, on all the faces, for you realize that what gives this genre picture life beyond the wealth of authentic detail is its revelation of character. The light leads you, as the artist intended, to the group of central interest, those listening to the elder in homespun, who uses one of the carpenter's rests as a makeshift pulpit. Every member of the missionary's intimate audience is an intense and individual creation: the old man with his heavy hand knuckled stoutly around his cane, a figure resolute in the experience of his years, not easily persuaded; the blind girl, her whole body taut and listening, drinking in the vision of the zealous elder's glowing words as she drinks in the sunlight; behind the workbench, the carpenter himself, solid and confident, a barely perceptible smile playing upon his lips as he glances through a tract, perhaps mentally framing a rebuttal; and, not to be overlooked, the awed little girl balancing on one foot under the bench. You see another curious but bashful member of the household outside at the window, a face half wonder, half fear—for there have been stories about these Mormons.

You pause a moment to examine the leaflet sticking out from the upturned hat of the seated farmer, and, no mistaking it, you discover a copy of *En Sandheds Röst*, "A Voice of Truth," which you remember was the first tract the 32-year-old Erastus Snow published

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THE IMPROVEMENT ERA



Fundamentally a happy people, many Danes swung away from dour "Pietism" to a more self-searching appraisal of religious thinking when Erastus Snow opened the mission in Scandinavia. Dalsgaard, the painter, sensed this and immortalized it in his famous painting.



NO ONE COULD SEND ON A HARMONICA LIKE HE COULD, AND HER VOICE WASN'T BAD TO-NIGHT. NOT BAD AT ALL.

G LAMOUR-PUSS

By Christie Lund Coles

JEAN pinched herself—gently—as she remembered that Howdy was really taking her to the steak-fry tonight following the painting of the U over on Wolf mountain.

She glowed, remembering that they had done all right as Daisy Mae and Lil' Abner Friday night at the school barn dance. The crowd said their clowning had stolen the show. And he must have enjoyed it or he wouldn't have asked to take her tonight.

Oh, she knew he had been giving Stel the fifty-yard chase all winter, but what she didn't know was what had split them up. Stel was one of her best friends, but she just didn't give with confidences. In fact, she didn't give. Period. Maybe that was why she, Jean, was about her only friend—girl friend, that is.

Jean liked her because she had always sort of worshiped beauty. Having so little of the thing called "glamour" herself she sat up and took notice when she saw it in others.

And when you saw Stel *you really saw it*. She was tall, and blonde as platinum, her eyes were like sapphires, and her teeth . . . well, Jean could go on and fill a jeweler's window with her adjectives.

As she slipped her shower cap over her curls, she glanced in the mirror. "No one will ever pen a sonnet to you, sister," she assured herself, noting the small, brown pointed face with freckles dotting the end of her nose. She had been called 'cute' plenty of times; in fact, it was getting tiresome.

She dabbed some cold cream hap-

hazardly on her face, (can't tell, it might help,) and began running the water for her bath. As she reached up to pull the shade, who should she see crossing the lawn but the blonde goddess herself. Stel, in the flesh. She wore a white brushed wool sweater and a red skirt. It would have flattered any blonde, but on her it was perfect—but perfect!

Jean sighed, ready to turn away when she noticed that the other girl had stopped and was waiting for someone. It didn't take long to see who that someone was: Howdy . . . his red curls tangled on his forehead the way she loved them, his face all smiles. They talked a few moments then she nodded, smilingly, and started toward her section of the dorm. He came on toward Jean. Golly, could it be time for him to be calling for her? He had his H sweater on and was carrying his leather jacket. So, could be!

The thought hit her that maybe this was all planned. Stel had gone into one of her usual tantrums, given

(Continued on following page)

GLAMOUR-PUSS

(Continued from preceding page)
Howdy her offended act. Howdy had asked Jean for the date last week to get near her friend. Stel hadn't been there, so he had made the most of a bad bargain and, still hoping, had asked for the date tonight. It was as clear as a rainy day. And she'd been the fall guy.

Well, he *had* asked her for the date, and he was stuck with her. She would have tonight. After that, he could have Stel with her compliments. She was too good a sport to let it throw her. . . . It's been fun knowing you . . . all that sort of thing. . . .

She brushed a drop of water from her cheek. The next drop fell on her lips. It was salty! Golly, if she only didn't like the lug so much. And if she just hadn't been so silly to dream that he might take her to the prom. That was really getting into Stel's territory (she already had a ravishing white formal). A goon like herself was okay at a barn dance or a mountain hike, but for a prom the lads wanted someone really smooth. They wanted a glamour-puss.

When Jean walked into the living room which was pretty nearly filled to over-flowing with kids on their way to the party, her heart did a flip-flop as she saw Howdy sitting on the edge of a chair twirling the keys to his jalopy. She wished again that she didn't like him so much.

"Hi," he greeted her, "How's chicken little?"

"Hi, yourself," she answered brightly, "And I'm not so little. Remember good things are done up in small packages — strychnine, dynamite . . ."

"Now, don't tell me you're bottled T.N.T."

"Well, you can't rightly tell," she assured him, crinkling her nose at him. Then, feeling that they ought to be making tracks for the party, she suggested, "I guess the U will know it's been painted when we get through."

"What do you mean, 'we'?" he asked quizzically, "That's a job for dependable, muscular males."

"And un-glamourized gals," she was about to add but thought better of it.

He said, "If you sear the steaks,

you'll do O.K. And just a tip, I like mine well done . . . so it won't beller."

She laughed gaily and turned toward the door. He put his hand on her arm, detaining her as he said, "Jean . . . I hope . . . that is, I know you won't mind, but Stel was telling me she wasn't going with anyone in particular, and I asked her to trail along with us. She's such a good friend of yours. . . ."

A friend of hers . . . oh, yes. Where've I seen you before? Well, many a woman had danced with tears in her eyes . . . or laughed to hide a broken heart. She could, too. No one could say Jean Brooks had held up the show by a siege of self-pity. No, she didn't mind, *MUCH*.

"Swell," she heard herself saying, not meeting his eyes, "Shall we go after her?"

"No, she said she would get her coat and meet us here."

They were about to sit down when she saw Stel coming toward them, a snazzy coat thrown over her broad shoulders, a red kerchief tied about her blonde curls. Jean looked at her and felt about the size of a very unimportant minute. Yet, her admiration for the girl was real, and she couldn't resist saying, "Hi, beautiful."

Stel smiled her slow, deliberate smile, looked at Howdy as she said, "Do hope I didn't keep you waiting."

"Not at all," he assured her in an unnatural voice, rushing to open the door, looking as though he were awed by her presence. He certainly wasn't awed by one named Jean. He looked down at her to remark, "Get moving, keed," and they passed through the door out into the fresh spring night.

Stel clung to Howdy's arm on the climb, got out of breath, and grumbled that it was perfectly absurd to come this far to paint the U when they could hire someone to do it for little or nothing. It was the first time Jean had ever heard him speak up, but she certainly didn't blame him. It must have got under his nails the same as it did hers. He said, "Sa-ay, listen, this isn't a job for professionals. This is tradition. Good old Umutello High."

She pouted prettily, "Well, at least we could drive up."

"Aw, this is good for the figure," Jean assured her.

Mistaking it for a personal jibe, Stel came back tartly, "There's nothing especially wrong with my figure."

"Not especially," Howdy kidded,

(Continued on page 677)



WITHOUT *Benefit Of* INSULIN

I have changed no names, dates, places in this little story of early days. Why change a true story?

Sometimes it is good for us to realize we do not have a corner on trouble, and to try and count our blessings by comparing conditions now with those of the meager days of long ago.

I have relived many times the tragedy of events recorded in my father's little journal, and finally decided that I have no right keeping this story to myself when it might be the means of helping others to appreciate the blessings of medical science.

When I look at my sister Annie, now seventy-nine years of age, who has been afflicted with diabetes these many years and yet leads a normal, happy life, I am truly thankful for insulin.

So much by way of introduction. Here is the story just as Father wrote it down in that little journal in 1884 and 1885.

Mancos, Colorado, Sept. 30, 1884.

IBELIEVE I'll try and keep a journal. Wish I'd kept one for many years past, but now I'll try and record things as they happen to us.

My little Heber boy who is eleven years old does not act right. Phebe noticed it first. He eats well but acts so tired and, after I notice, he is pale.

I set him to gathering a few rows of beans this morning. In about an hour I found him asleep in one of the rows. I said, "Well, Heber, are you going to get lazy and leave everything for pa to do?" I was so sorry soon as I had said it and asked him to forgive me and told him to go on in the house and lay on the bed. He just looked sad and said, "It's all right Pa, I guess I am lazy, only I feel so tired all the time." He didn't get up any more all day.

October 5th, 1884.

I just can't seem to find time to write in my journal every day, so will just write whenever I can. Lots of work to do in a new place with a big family to keep going.

Yesterday I took all the family

SUBMITTED BY

Lucy G. Bloomfield

From the Journal of Her Father

Lafayette Guymon



to town to do some buying of things we needed. They had a pretty good time. Heber seemed a little better, but maybe it was just the excitement. He moaned in his sleep nearly all night. Guess he got too tired.

Phebe and I have decided to take him to Durango to see Doctor Winters. I met him once, and he seemed like a good doctor. Everybody says he is the best doctor in this part of the country.

George Bauer, the banker and storekeeper in Mancos town, offered to loan me his buggy to take Heber in, but I hate to take favors and be beholden to folks. Phebe has fixed her feather bed in the wagon so Heber can lay down most of the time.

There just couldn't be no better stepmother than Phebe is to my children.

We have to take baby Lucy because she is nursing. Heber loves her as much as if she was his own sister.

November 8th

What Doctor Winters told us is worse than we feared. He said, "Mr. Guymon, I could lie to you and go on doctoring your little boy and run you up a big doctor bill, but I just won't doctor that way, I've got to tell you the truth. Your little boy has got sugar diabetes, and there is no cure for it."

I told Phebe we must not let Heber know, but I am afraid he guessed it was pretty bad because

Phebe could not keep from crying to herself on the way home. She tried not to let Heber see her tears, but he is a smart little man and knows something is pretty wrong. I had to go behind the wagon and get a grip on my feelings or I would have cried myself.

Oh, this is a bitter pill. The only comfort I can find is that his mother and little Mary will be over there to welcome him.

November 9th

Heber was so tired after his trip that he slept most all day. I called Jimmie, Annie, and Enoch out in the shed and told them. They all cried awful hard. Even Jimmie who is deaf. He had to be told in the sign language that he and Phebe talk. I told them to cry it out so they would not have to cry before Heber. Poor children, they hate to part with their little brother.

I am afraid Heber knows because I caught him holding his hand up to a sunbeam that was coming through a crack in the wall, and he said, "Pa, it looks pretty pale, don't it?" but he sure is a brave little fellow.

November 30th

I been so busy hauling my wheat to Durango and getting our winter's flour and digging the potatoes that I have not found time to write.

I don't like the way things are going with Heber. He just gets worse all the time. He lays on the bed most of the day. We try to get him everything he wants. He eats pretty good but everything turns to sugar. We borrowed a doctor book from Aunt Hanna Perkins, and it says not to give them anything sweet, but it is pretty hard when he begs for a stick of peppermint candy.

December 10th

The boys went hunting today and killed a little deer so Heber could have venison soup. He is mighty good and never complains but gets pretty hungry for something sweet.

Oh, dear God, I wish the doctors were smarter and could discover something to cure this awful disease. They will some day, but

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Participants: Ralph W. Hardy, Second Assistant Superintendent of Y.M.M.I.A. and Moderator in center; others from left to right: George Kanahele, Oahu Stake, Hawaii, representing the M Men; Sarah A. Stout, Capitol Ward, Washington Stake, Special Interest; David Fairbanks, Yale Ward, Bonneville Stake, Boy Scouts; Betty James, Wells Ward, Granite Stake, Junior Girls; Sharon Wallace, Highland Ward, Mt. Ogden Stake, Bee Hive Girls; Reed Miller, Manava Ward, Provo Stake, Explorers; Beverly Romney, Yale Ward, Bonneville Stake, Gleaner Girls; and Selby L. Collinson, Harvard Ward, Liberty Stake, Special Interest.

—Photograph, courtesy Salt Lake Tribune

VALUES of Church Membership, Morals, Criticism of the Church, and Repentance— these are the problems discussed.

(Concluded from September Issue)

ELDER RALPH W. HARDY: Betty, you're next. Junior Girls, do you have problems?

Betty: We certainly do have a lot of problems, but perhaps the most pertinent one is the fact that girls my age enjoy the activities of our Church, but they can't seem to grasp the true significance of membership in it. They are afraid of becoming too "churchy," and consequently being narrow-minded.

Hardy: There's a two-headed question if I ever heard one. One, what are the real, deep spiritual values that come with Church membership, and two, do you get narrow-minded if you come close to the Church? What about this question, Betty, do you have a ready comeback to it? Do you worry about becoming narrow-minded?

Betty: I believe that our religion does not narrow us. All my life I've watched those people who I believe really live their religion, and to me they seem the happiest and most successful individuals I know. It's interesting to note that our religion isn't a long-faced, unhappy religion, but rather a happy, livable religion. It teaches us to seek knowledge, and

to enjoy various kinds of wholesome activities.

David: The thirteenth Article of Faith says: "If there is anything virtuous, lovely, or of good report or praiseworthy, we seek after these things." That isn't narrow-mindedness.

Betty: And President George Albert Smith says to his friends who don't belong to the Church: "We don't ask you to give up anything you have that is good and true. We want you to have all that and more. We want to divide with you that which our Father in heaven has given us." And since the Church embraces all truth, a person couldn't have a knowledge of the gospel and still be narrow-minded, could he?

Beverly: I think Betty should tell her friends about the great value of the gift of the Holy Ghost to those who live close to the Church. When we are confirmed, servants of God holding the priesthood confer upon us this great blessing, and we are promised that the Holy Ghost will be a constant guide and influence in our lives. Just think what it means to have a member of the Godhead help us each day! He helps us to set our values straight. He helps us to make decisions; he teaches us truth. He assures us of the divinity of our Heavenly Father and of his son Jesus Christ, and he helps us to follow in the paths that they have prepared that we may have happiness here on earth and exaltation in the celestial kingdom of God.

George: We are truly a fortunate people in being members of this great Church. One of the greatest blessings I have ever received is the power of the priesthood—the

authority delegated to man to act in God's name. There aren't words enough fully to describe how great that gift is.

Hardy: A serviceman stood up in a sacrament meeting one day and said that as he came into the Church he heard a boy use the term "one in a million." He said he never realized what that statement meant until once in the heat of battle, as he was pursuing a course up through a treacherous part of the line, his companion was shot down beside him. He said: "As I picked him up and laid him in my lap, I placed my hands on his head, and in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ and by the power and authority of the Holy Priesthood, I blessed him to preserve his health." And he said, "As I opened my eyes and saw the thousands of men rushing around me and cursing in the heat of battle, I lifted my head to heaven and I said 'thank God that I am one in a million.'" The power of the priesthood is very significant.

Stout: I think Betty should remind her friend of the power of prayer. Show me a man who knows how to pray, and you will have shown me a free man, free from fear because he knows he can take any problem he has to the Lord and get an answer.

Reed: Well, there is one thing that I think is important. Our Church is just bursting with opportunities for wholesome activity. Our spirits were lifted, when our Explorer troop went down probably the wildest part of a river a few weeks ago in some rubber lifeboats, and I'm sure under our spiritual leadership it was an experience of a lifetime, one which won't be forgotten for a long time.



AN OPEN DISCUSSION ON PROBLEMS OF THE YOUTH

Hardy: Brothers and sisters, take time when your life gives you pause and do as the song says: "Count your many blessings, see what God has done" to bless this people with the richness of Church membership. Betty, when your friends worry about being narrow-minded, teach them the meaning of that great saying, "Obedience to law is liberty." If we obey the commandments of God, we have greater freedom, greater ability to rule our own destinies than any other people on the face of the earth.

Hardy: Mr. M Man, we're down to your problem.

George: Here's a pressing problem. Even in far-off Hawaii, it is very much apparent. Nowadays it is becoming increasingly common for young men and young women to be unchaste in their living. Many think that a happier life can be achieved in that direction. I think they are wrong. Every time there is a date or a social engagement of any kind, the issue of our personal conduct comes to the forefront. All

too few people take a definite stand when confronted with a social situation pertaining to this question of morals!—What is expected of Latter-day Saints? What can we do to strengthen our moral practices?

Betty: This is where that statement about being old-fashioned comes up again. It comes up so very often whenever the subject is touched, but I've noticed that frequently when a person has said to a Latter-day Saint girl that keeping these standards is old-fashioned, she has come back with the answer that if it is old-fashioned, which she believes it isn't, that she would just as soon be that way.

Hardy: Yes, we believe our girls would rather be old-fashioned, if being old-fashioned means keeping their moral standards. Beverly, what about the Gleaner Girls?

Beverly: Perhaps my situation is a little unusual and sort of old-fashioned, but it's been very sacred and beautiful to me. The fellow I go with and I pray together often. It's wonderful to thank God for his blessings and ask him for his help in all that we do. And it certainly is a comfort to realize that if any ill befalls us or if any problem should arise, my fiance could exercise the powers of the Holy Melchizedek Priesthood which he holds. Our prayers have been answered. It makes us so very conscious of trying to serve our Heavenly Father and his children, and we feel, oh, so very, very close to

OF THE CHURCH

(From a presentation given during the Sunday Evening Session of M.I.A. Conference, June 1949.)

God—in fact, it makes a date almost like a visit to heaven.

Hardy: There's a slogan for you girls, make your date like a visit to heaven.

David: I think the members of the Church who are older than we are should set good examples, because the Bee Hive Girls and the Scouts see a lot of things that are done, and that's where we get an idea of what is wrong and what is right. If you want the younger members of the Church to be good, I think you should set good examples for us.

Sharon: You might think I'm a
(Continued on page 683)

"COUNT YOUR MANY BLESSINGS,
SEE WHAT GOD HAS DONE"





Boats of the Friendly Isles. Drawn from nature by W. Hodges

—Photograph courtesy Bernice P. Bishop Museum

This is an account of a landing on savage and unknown shores, of the converting and baptizing of 620 persons in less than five months, and of a shipwreck on a lonely island.

MISSION TO

VII

THE TWO elders on Tahiti had continually prayed that new fields would be opened up to them, and while Elder Rogers' eyes were turned ever to the mountainous islands to the leeward, Elder Grouard felt impressed that he should go to the low islands of the Tuamotu archipelago, (also called "Low" or "Dangerous" archipelago) which lay to the eastward. He had heard especially of the island of Anaa, called by some, Chain Island, about 245 miles directly east. The island is of a type referred to as a coral atoll. As contrasted to the lofty mountainous islands like Tubuai and Tahiti, Anaa consisted of a narrow strip of broken-down coral, circular in shape, projecting only a few feet out of the ocean. And whereas all kinds of tropical fruits and vegetables grew in wild abundance on the mountainous islands, the only food that would grow on the coral atolls was the coconut.

The Tuamotu natives were still wild, fierce, and warlike, he had been told, and were only a few years removed from cannibalistic prac-

tices. No white missionary had ever lived among them.

In spite of all this, he was determined to go to this island of Anaa, because he felt it was the will of the Lord. So he set sail in a trading schooner from Tahiti on April 23, and arrived at Anaa on May 1. As the little vessel was standing to, near the island, a native canoe made from a small coconut log and manned by one native, came out over the reef. The man did not come on board the ship, but Elder Grouard conversed with him, telling him, among other things, that he was an *orometua* (missionary). The native then paddled back to the land.

A few minutes later, while the ship was sailing quite close to the shore, another canoe, quite large, came out from among the breakers, with several persons in it. When it came alongside the schooner, the natives inquired for the *orometua*, and invited him to go ashore with them. After the stories he had heard about these people, Elder Grouard was very agreeably surprised when he examined the men in the canoe. They were large,

well-built, fine-looking men, and of a "noble mien," well-dressed in native clothes. They looked as if they could be brothers to the Tahitians, except that they were a little darker, and larger of stature.

Even so, Elder Grouard had to muster all his courage to leave the schooner to climb down into the native canoe, and to go unaccompanied by friend or acquaintance on a wild ride through the breakers and over the barrier reef onto those savage and unknown shores.

Describing the experience, he wrote:

As we drew near the land, I noticed that the beach was already lined with natives awaiting our arrival, and as we came nearer, I could distinctly hear them shout and jabber like a flock of ten thousand wild geese. I can hardly describe my feelings as I approached this strange land and heard the wild shouts of these half-civilized sons of the ocean. It seemed as if I had left the world and got upon another planet, among another class of beings. They were certainly a different race of people from any I had hitherto seen.

My time for meditation, however, was short, for we soon arrived at the landing place, and leaping ashore, I found myself the next minute surrounded by some two

or three hundred natives of both sexes and all ages; naked, half-naked, and dressed; hooting, hallooing, laughing, and jabbering like a legion of evil spirits. In my eyes they looked wild and savage-like; and I listened to their frightful noises, and not being able to understand what they said, I knew not but what I had become a victim for sacrifice in very deed.

When the noise had died down, one of the chiefs, speaking in Tahitian, said to Elder Grouard, "Missionary, don't think hard of us as we want you to tell us what you have come to this island for, because we have heard that you are a servant of God; the people tell us so; but we don't know because we have not heard you say so. We want to hear it from your own mouth."

Elder Grouard replied: "I am. The people tell the truth; I am a servant of God, and I have come to



—Photograph by Thomas E. Mumford
A modern "pahi Paumotu" which up to a few years ago was being used by Tuamotuan natives. Note how planks are tied or sewed together with coconut husk cord.

tell you what you must do to be saved in the kingdom of light, and I wish to know if you desire me to stop with you."

"What land do you belong to, Missionary, the native asked; tell

us that we may also know that, because all the missionaries we ever saw were Englishmen."

"America is my land," Elder Grouard responded. "I am not an Englishman; neither do I preach like the English missionaries whom you have seen in Tahiti. I preach what God has shown us in this day; I speak what is in the book the English missionaries have brought you; the Bible."

"Americans are good people," the native answered. "We know this because a great many of them have been here, and they all treated us well; but since you come from a different land from that the missionaries at Tahiti came from, are you not like the Pope Catholics that come from France?"

Elder Grouard answered: "Friends, Apostle Paul said, 'Prove all things and hold fast to that which is good.' And now if you prove me and the doctrine I preach, you will find that it is not like the Catholic or anything else you have ever heard; you will find it to be the true gospel of Jesus Christ."

"Missionary," the native said, "your talk is good, and the governor and chiefs are well pleased with it. You are the first missionary from the land of the white people that ever came to our poor land to live among us. The English missionaries at Tahiti never would come because our land has not plenty of good things to eat like they have on that land. We have often asked them to come, but they always ask us

(Continued on page 670)

POLYNESIA

The Story of Addison Pratt

And The Society Islands Mission

By Doyle L. Green

ASS'T MANAGING EDITOR



—Photograph by the author

Present day Tuamotuan family. Pictured with them is Elder Golden Wayne Mack, former missionary to Tahiti
OCTOBER 1949



The Sensational Discovery of the JERUSALEM SCROLLS

PERHAPS no manuscript find since Tischendorf's discovery in 1844 of Codex Sinaiticus, a Greek uncial Bible text, has so excited scholars as the one recently made in Palestine of eleven scrolls more or less related to the Bible. To be sure, since Professor Tischendorf made his discovery in the monastery of St. Catherine, at Mt. Sinai, other important finds have been made. The Oxyrhynchus papyri containing so-called "sayings" of Jesus, the Old Syriac Gospels on Mt. Sinai, the Freer manuscripts of both Old and New Testaments, the Lachish Letters, and the Chester Beatty papyri, are all cases in point, to mention only a few.² But none of these equals in importance and interest the scrolls which were found by Bedouin during the summer of 1947 in a cave near the north end of the Dead Sea, high on the cliff.

As far as I have been able to reconstruct the story of the discovery from various descriptions, it appears that before the Bedouin happened upon the cave it had partially collapsed, leaving only a small gap through which an entrance might be made. The collapse of the cave had crushed the jars which contained the scrolls, leaving the contents visible to the natives. They pulled out the scrolls and tore off their black-wax-impregnated cloth wrappings, thus exposing the ancient documents to the light of day.

The finders of the scrolls, like the other Bedouin of Palestine, know of

²Those who would like access to the original accounts are referred to articles by Drs. Millar Burrows, John C. Trever, William Browder, and H. L. Ginsberg in the *Biblical Archaeologist*, Vol. IX, No. 3 and the *Bulletin of the American Schools of Oriental Research*, Numbers 111 and 112 (October and December, 1948). These may be secured from the American Schools of Oriental Research, 409 Prospect Street, New Haven 11, Conn.

³For some scholarly but popular accounts, see Sir Frederick Kenyon, *Our Bible and the Ancient Manuscripts*, Harper Bros., New York.

the interest taken in ancient manuscripts by Westerners generally. They proceeded to Bethlehem and showed their precious find to the Moslem Sheik in the hope that he would purchase it. The Sheik examined some of the script on the manuscripts and, wrongly supposing that it was Estrangelo Syriac, advised his countrymen to take the scrolls to Syrians residing in Bethlehem. The Syrians called them to the attention of their Metropolitan,

offered to him for sale in January 1948, and that the deal might have been closed except for the chaotic conditions which prevailed at the time in Jerusalem. But for these difficulties, the Hebrew University would have had the entire collection.

ON Wednesday, February 18, 1948, Father Butros Sowmy, a priest of St. Mark's Syrian Orthodox Convent in the Old City of



—Photograph by John C. Trever. Courtesy, "The Biblical Archaeologist."

The Syrian Metropolitan, Athanasius Yeshue Samuel (right), examining his four scrolls with Dr. John C. Trever, director of the Department of the English Bible for the International Council of Religious Education. The scene is in the office of the Metropolitan in the St. Mark's Syrian Orthodox Convent (Deir Mar Marcos) in the Old City of Jerusalem. After being carefully repaired, each manuscript was wrapped in a long strip of paper to preserve it as well as possible.

Athanasius Yeshue Samuel, in Jerusalem. He purchased five of them for the library of St. Mark's Orthodox Convent in Jerusalem. It is not yet clear to me how the Hebrew University of Jerusalem acquired the other six scrolls. Professor Sukenik of the University, an acquaintance of mine, has reported that the Syrian-owned ones were

Jerusalem, was cataloguing books for the library, but found himself at a loss how to handle the five scrolls so recently acquired. He telephoned Dr. John C. Trever, acting director of the American School of Oriental Research in the absence of my friend, Dr. Millar Burrows, and asked for his help. Dr. Trever invited him to come to the school the

By *Sidney B. Sperry, Ph. D.*

PROFESSOR OF OLD TESTAMENT LANGUAGES AND LITERATURE,
BRIGHAM YOUNG UNIVERSITY

next afternoon at 2:30. He appeared at the appointed time in company with his brother, Karim Sowmy, a customs official at Allenby Bridge. Having opened a small leather suitcase, they produced the five scrolls which were wrapped in newspapers.

and suggested to Father Sowmy that the value of the scrolls would be greatly enhanced if they were photographed and published.

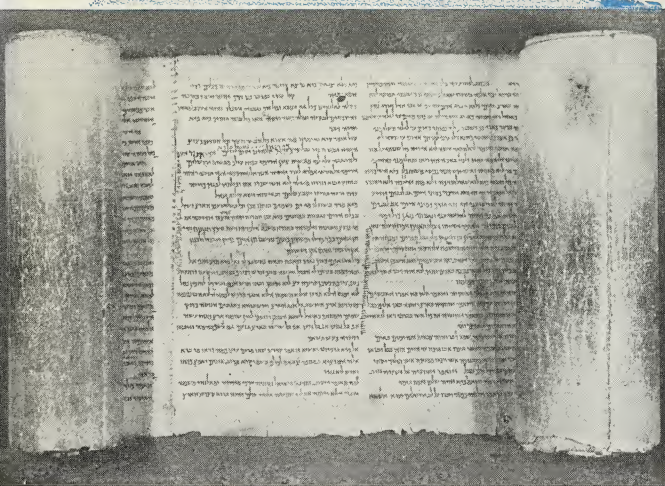
After copying several lines from the large scroll, Dr. Trever unwrapped the others for purposes of

scroll. With the aid of a Hebrew dictionary he was soon led to Isaiah 65:1. What he had copied was found there word for word!

It is not to be wondered at that the young scholar found sleep next to impossible that night. Queries went through his mind as to the length of the large scroll, the amount of Isaiah contained upon it, and its authenticity.

DESPITE the dangers and difficulties, the next morning found Dr. Trever on his way into the Old City of Jerusalem to the Syrian Convent. The surprised Syrians were delighted to learn that their large scroll contained a text of Isaiah. Dr. Trever was disappointed, however, when the Metropolitan, Athanasius Yeshue Samuel, informed him that rarely was anyone allowed to photograph anything in their library. When it was explained that by photographing the scrolls and widely distributing them their monetary value would be increased, they accepted an invitation to bring the scrolls next morning to the American School of Oriental Research, where the appropriate equipment was available. As luck would have it, Dr. Trever is an expert photographer. Before leaving the Syrians he was permitted to examine the Isaiah scroll at greater length for indications of authenticity. It was observed in several columns of the text that there were large insertions in a different hand, and in one case three separate hands were discerned. The first part of the manuscript was in bad shape, and Trever was not certain which fragment was the beginning. He copied several lines from what looked like the upper part of the first column. That afternoon he found out in the quiet of the American School that he had copied Isaiah 1:1, word for word! The scroll was indeed completely devoted to the text of the great prophet. The afternoon was consumed by Dr. Trever and his companion, Dr. Brownlee, in completing arrangements for photographing the scrolls the following day. To their consternation the electric power lines supplying the school were damaged that afternoon, leaving it without electricity. Without steady light it was impos-

(Continued on page 675)



photograph by John C. Trever. Courtesy, "The Biblical Archaeologist."

The complete Isaiah Scroll opened to Isaiah, Chapter 40. The full column at left is number 33 and contains Isaiah 40:2b-28a. The fact that the scroll was used for a long time in ancient times is indicated by the darkened, central portions of the rolls at both sides; the result of many hands holding the scroll at those points. The total length of the scroll is 753½ feet. It is made up of 17 sheets of parchment sewn together as seen in two places on this picture. The sheet exposed measures 135½" by 10½".

One of the smaller scrolls was so brittle that it could be opened only a little, but the largest roll luckily proved to be much more pliable. Dr. Trever laid it down on the bed in his room and began slowly to unroll it. He was not sure that the unfolding columns of script were not forgeries; nevertheless they had every appearance of being extremely old. A little research showed that the script, obviously Hebrew, has a great similarity to that of the famous Nash Papyrus, a small fragment reposing in the Manchester Library in England containing the *Shema* and the Ten Commandments. Dr. Trever copied several lines of the scroll by hand in the absence of his camera

examination. Three of the documents, including the large one, were written on a coarse yellow parchment. The largest (Isaiah) was thinner than the others and contained more evidence of wear. The other two were written on a deep brown leather, and showed signs of a considerable amount of deterioration. The script on the various rolls, though of various sizes and from several different hands, gave even the inexperienced eye of Dr. Trever the impression of coming from the same period of time.

When Father Sowmy and his brother left, Dr. Trever examined for its meaning the copy he had made of a few lines of the large-

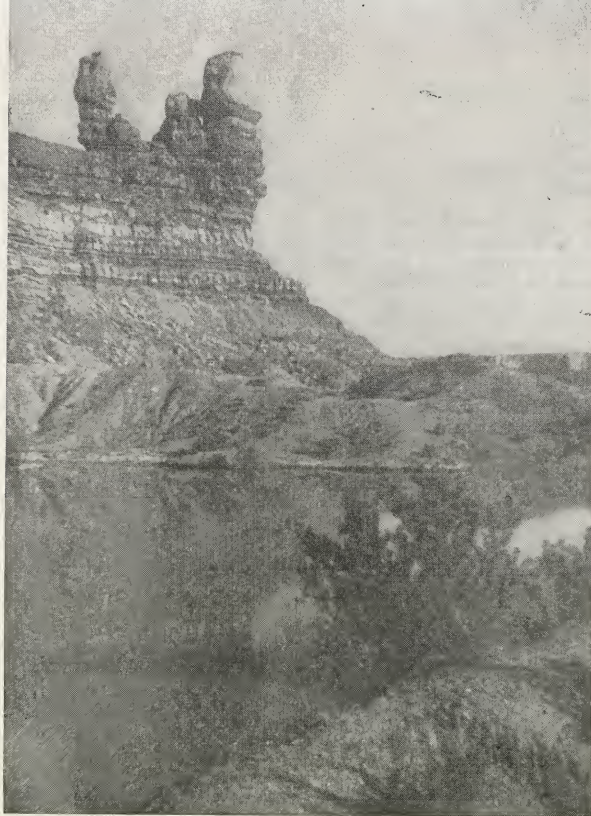
The FORT

XIII

The silence which followed was broken only by the quick-drawn breath of twenty men in blank surprise at the bishop's tremendous decision. Yet he had considered it all very carefully in connection with the good standing of the San Juan Co-op with the banks in Durango, where so far they had refrained from borrowing as invited. At his suggestion the co-op assumed the heavy obligation, bought O'Donnel's sheep and began the Co-op Sheep Herd, which they moved from Bluff to better range farther away.

With their right to Elk Mountain secured from the Piutes, they devoted the north half of the mountain to their sheep, the south to their limited number of cattle, too few to make good their claim to the amount of range they hoped to use, and, behold, the big L C Outfit with its numerous herd, was rapidly getting into all range not already in use.

Every Piute knew where the lack of a blind trail made it best to travel that way in the nighttime. They knew it so well and resorted to it with such telling frequency, they would have stripped the colony



Locomotive Rock north of Bluff

SYNOPSIS

IN the year 1851, President Brigham Young sent colonies to extend the Mormon territory to the south. Those who went had to fight four adversaries: the Utes, the Navajos, the renegade whites, and nature, which seemed at times the greatest adversary of all. No treaty with the United States could guarantee the settlers from the depredations of the Navajos. Even Kit Carson who displaced the Indians had found it impossible to quell them. Jacob Hamblin and Thales Haskell genuinely loved the Indians, and time after time won them to a reluctant peace, only to have it broken again because of the actions of the renegade whites. But at last the Mormons had begun their settlement, in the face of Indian attack and nature.



All that remains of the Amasa Barton home on San Juan Hill.

on the FIRING LINE

By *Albert R. Lyman*

to the bone if they had not been checked every so often by some thought-provoking event. When Navajo Frank's splendid figure caved in, when Norgwinup's two roughnecks met sudden and mysterious death, and a dozen other thieves came to their disastrous and unaccountable ending, the industry of something-for-nothing suffered a sharp setback. It took almost a year for it to start back on the road to normalcy, and Haskell had to repeat his warning to maintain half-livable conditions.

Mike, with the wide mouth and the Berkshire-boar neck, was a would-be chief. He carried the proud distinction, no matter who the real killer might have been, of having come away with the outfits of Mitchel and Myric while they lay in two red heaps behind him. His ravenous appetite was in sharp competition with his dignity as chief when he ate the long slices of bread and molasses at Kigaly, and then went to pacify the rest of the gang.

From his habit of following blind trails and making his major movements in the night, he became a wool merchant, coming in every day to the San Juan Co-op with a blanket full of wool which, when they had weighed it and paid for it, they dumped with other wool in their log warehouse. But somehow, Mike's wool did not increase the amount, and the store manager, Lem Redd, was puzzled to know how it could be. His observations led him to set a wolf trap in the

wool under what appeared to be a loose chinking in the wall.

Next morning Mike stood there with his arm through a hole in the wall where the chinking had been removed, and he was very much at a loss for words to explain the wherefore.

When Lem Redd opened the hard jaws of that trap, Mike hurried away with his swollen fingers into retirement. He had no wish to advertise just how ignominiously his racket had failed. Yet he who had ever made such vain proclamations of his exploits, could not keep his part in this fool's game from the listening ears of his rival chieftains. They gathered to his retreat and viewed him with deprecative eyes—he had been caught in a trap the same as a coyote.

It was too much for his outraged pride—he, the imperious killer! The consumer of abundant bread and molasses while the dupes of his tribe waited on empty stomachs for his brave command to hostile action! "Wait till they pay for this insult!" he roared, "If they refuse the money—" he struck his right fist into his left hand and then drew his fingers across his throat in terrible gesture, "I'll wear their scalps on my belt! They can't do this to me!"

Terrible words. Maybe Mike was still the great fury they had taken him to be; maybe he was even more. Like a roaring lion he came to Bluff, and with terrible visage he demanded a thousand dollars indemnity. It was to be



Kumen Jones, Mary Nielsen Jones and their son.

forthcoming at once — something terrible would happen if they delayed the payment. He went from house to house growing more eloquent and more awful with his story as he repeated it, and some of the women became alarmed at his threats.

He met Haskell. The old interpreter's predictions of evil had nettled Mike when they were made, and he had discounted their unfulfillment. Misfortunes had come to some of the trouble-makers, but it was accidental; they had not come and would not come to Mike, yet his jaw dropped lower and lower as Haskell recounted to him just what happened and how.

(Continued on page 650)



A pioneer home of Sister Adelia Lyman, Blanding 1906

COLUMBUS

"The Spirit Wrought"

Four hundred and fifty-seven years have passed since Columbus discovered America. This is an account of his life.

By

Cyril Drew Pearson

And I looked and beheld a man among the Gentiles, who was separated from the seed of my brethren by the many waters; and I beheld the Spirit of God, that it came down and wrought upon the man; and he went forth upon the many waters, even unto the seed of my brethren, who were in the promised land. (1 Nephi 13:12.)

SOME Latter-day Saints interpret the reference to the "man" in Nephi's vision to mean Christopher Columbus. What kind of man was Columbus? Did he himself believe he was chosen of God to carry on the Enterprise, as he was wont to call his great undertaking? Did he live and die like a man on whom the Spirit of God had wrought?

In the *Biblioteca Columbina* in Seville, Spain, which the author of this article visited in 1948, there is a volume of *Tragedies* by Seneca, the Roman philosopher who was a contemporary of Paul the Apostle. Seneca was born at Cordova in



—Courtesy M. Knoedler & Co., New York
Columbus
From the Henri Lefort etching of the portrait in the Naval Museum of Madrid.

Spain the same year as the Savior was born in Judea. This very volume in Seville contains Seneca's tragedy, *Medea*, and it was once a prized possession of Columbus. It contains a well-marked passage which, translated into English, reads—

An age will come after many years when the ocean will loose the chains of things, and a huge land be revealed, when Tiphys will disclose new worlds and Thule no more be the ultimate.

Next to the above passage there is a handwritten note in Latin by



Statue of Columbus in Genoa

Ferdinand, the younger of the sons of Columbus. The English translation is—

This prophecy was fulfilled by my father . . . the Admiral in the year 1492.



Seville with River Guadalquivir in right background. Here Columbus lived many years.

Upon The Man"

Shortly after Columbus had been brought back in chains from the new world to Spain, he rewrote Seneca's passage to refer more pointedly to himself. The English translation of the Columbus revision is—

At a time far distant in the future, a day shall come when the Ocean will release its bondage, and a great continent will be opened, and a new sea-sailor, like that Tiphys who piloted Jason, will discover a new world.

On February 26, 1501, Columbus wrote to Father Gorricio in Seville asking that a certain *Book of Prophecies* be rewritten in a rounder hand such as King Ferdinand liked to read. This *Book of Prophecies* was a compilation by Columbus himself of every passage in the Bible that might be regarded as a prediction of the discovery of the new world.



The early home of Columbus, Genoa.

Columbus was hopeful that Ferdinand's wife, Queen Isabella, a woman of undoubted piety, would be convinced by the scriptures that he, Columbus, was the Lord's chosen servant in discovering the new world, and that the queen would be moved to send him on a new expedition.

A study of the life of Columbus will reveal the pattern the Lord often follows in fashioning human vessels for his divine purposes. This pattern frequently includes humble birth; a life setting that both inspires and challenges the chosen ones to fulfil their destiny; periods of toil, despair, and ridicule; sudden achievement of their great missions beyond all compare; then repudiation by their fellow men; finally heartbreak and death; and then in time to come the world sings their praises.

The birthplace of Columbus is Genoa, which the author also visited in 1948. Columbus was born in 1452* in a room in Genoa's watch-tower of Olivella where his father Domenico Columbus was keeper of the tower. In 1447, Domenico had temporarily given up the craft of weaver to accept the political appointment as keeper at the Porto dell' Olivella. One year after Christopher's birth the infidel Turks captured Constantinople, and Italian commerce was doomed. Until then the shipping and trade of Genoa were the wonder of the world.

In 1271, Marco Polo had left Italy and traveled east to China. He returned to Italy in 1295. His marvelous stories about the gold and gems of the orient fired the imagination of all Europe. In the Seville *Biblioteca* there reposes Columbus' well-worn copy of

*Some references list the year of Columbus' birth as "probably 1451."

(Continued on following page)



In this Cathedral at Seville, Columbus gave thanks for his successful trip to the "Indies." His remains are buried here.

COLUMBUS—THE SPIRIT WROUGHT UPON THE MAN

(Continued from preceding page)

Marco Polo, with marginal notes in Columbus' own hand. Every boy of fifteenth century Genoa knew by heart the seafaring adventures of elder brothers and kinsmen who had voyaged down the African coast and as far up as Iceland. But after the loss of Constantinople to the Mohammedans, what Italian boy was there who didn't know that the proud ships of Genoa would be forever barred from the wealth of the Indies unless a new route could be found by sea?

The secret of advertising is repetition. The impact of a recurring suggestion on youth is enormous. Every day and moonlit eve of his young life, Columbus could gaze out on the lure of Genoa's robin's-egg-blue harbor and think what lay beyond. And thus was formed the seed of his plan to seek the Indies, and in the Lord's own way was the boy Columbus prepared for the mission foretold by Nephi the Prophet. And at that very time there lay hidden in the new world to-be some metal plates setting forth the Columbus destiny.

After a significant voyage to Iceland in 1477, Columbus journeyed to Portugal, then an important maritime nation. In Lisbon, Portugal, he obtained copies of a chart and letter dated June 25, 1473, written by Dr. Paul Toscanelli of Florence, Italy, to one Canon Martins, a prelate in the service of Portugal's king. The chart showed the earth as a globe, and the letter described how a ship could sail west around the globe and reach the Indies.*

Columbus, now only twenty-five years of age, on the basis of the Toscanelli globe chart, prepared a plea to King John II which in rude form comprised the Grand Enterprise to the Indies and which was eventually to result in the fulfillment of Nephi's vision. The Columbus presentation was so convincing that the king referred it to his council of engineers. The council's report was unfavorable.

The next few years spent in Portugal were heartbreaking for

Columbus. When he was thirty years old, his beautiful young Portuguese wife, Felipa, died, leaving a baby son, Diego. In later years Ferdinand, the second son of Columbus (by a woman from Seville significantly observed of his father's Portuguese days—

In youth his (Columbus') hair was blond, but when he came to his thirtieth year it all turned white.

Even these tribulations played their part in the great enterprise because now Columbus, like many another mortal, tried to forget his

SO BRIEFLY

S. H. Dewhurst

So briefly does it stir
The brittle bough,
It is as if there were
No twilight now;
It barely starts its flight
Through autumn air—
Before the grasping night
Is everywhere.

sorrows in his work. He began examining every available book dealing with the shape of the earth. One volume, *Imago Mundi*, by Bishop d'Ailly, containing more than eight hundred marginal notes in Columbus' own hand, is in the *Biblioteca Columbina* in Seville. The following is an example of the notes by Columbus—

A degree is $56\frac{3}{4}$ Roman miles.
India is near Spain.

Says Las Casas, an historian who knew Columbus personally,

D'Ailly is certainly the one who inspired in Columbus the most confidence in his projects.

Although Columbus brought his enterprise to Spanish attention in 1483, his chief approach to King Ferdinand and Queen Isabella had its inception in 1485. Possibly fearing arrest for debt, Columbus, with his small son Diego, hastily shipped from Lisbon that year. They landed at Palos, Spain. It was May 1486, before the Spanish monarchs gave Columbus a hearing. Instead of simply saying "No," as the Portuguese king had done, the Spaniards kept him dangling and

waiting. Says Las Casas regarding Columbus during the period 1486-1492—

He began to sustain a terrible, continued, painful, and prolonged battle; a material one of weapons would have not been so sharp and horrendous as that which he had to endure from informing so many people of no understanding, although they presumed to know all about it, and replying patiently to many people who did not know him, nor had any respect for his person, receiving insulting speeches which afflicted his soul.

Later in 1486, Isabella ordered Columbus to place the enterprise before a royal commission at Salamanca University. One Maddonado, who was present, reported that Father Talavera (head of the commission)—

... with other wise and learned men and mariners discussed with the said Admiral (Columbus) about his going to the said islands, and all of them agreed that what the Admiral said could not possibly be true, and that contrary to what appeared to the most of them the Admiral persisted . . .

(Is this not mindful of how the Spirit of the Lord wrought when Paul was before Agrippa, and the boy, Joseph Smith, was before the townspeople of Palmyra?)

It took four years—until 1490—for the Talavera commission to render an adverse report. Ferdinand and Isabella neither accepted nor rejected it. They simply informed Columbus that he might bring his enterprise to their attention when the war with the Moors was over. Columbus hung on another few months and then decided to quit Spain forever and join his brother, Bartholomew, at the Court of France. In August, 1491, Father Perez, a prelate to Queen Isabella, persuaded her to command Columbus to appear before her once more. Again the queen referred the enterprise to a royal commission and again the commission rejected it. To soften the blow, the sovereigns invited Columbus to march in the victory procession, that entered Granada on January 2, 1492. A few days later the monarchs let fall the ax. They told Columbus his enterprise was finally and absolutely rejected, but they wished him God-speed.

(Continued on page 672)

THE IMPROVEMENT ERA

*Said Jacques Lecois a hundred years later concerning men's meagre geographical knowledge in those days—

"The maps the ancients drew, ridiculous may seem.
Remember, half they knew, was more than half a dream!"

The Church and Modern Society

PART IX

The Serious Business of Living

BY

G. Homer Durham, Ph.D.

HEAD OF

POLITICAL SCIENCE DEPARTMENT

UNIVERSITY OF UTAH



OCCASIONALLY it is possible to gain the impression that many Latter-day Saints, perhaps unconsciously, labor under the attitude that the world's problems are pretty well solved; that since Brigham Young and the pioneers conquered the desert, built the ditches, and the mountain community, the main difficulties are past. All we have to do now is get the best possible trade for a new model automobile, keep the house painted, attend our meetings, church history, and knife-and-fork clubs, and try and stay well. This attitude continues, the pioneers came, the desert was conquered; now let us have joy. True, the gospel was restored that we might have joy. But we probably deceive ourselves if we think the mission of the restored Church was put in the way of final accomplishment and fruition, as of noon July 24, 1847, and the immediate decades following. The book is not yet closed! We have always protested against the concept that the canon of scripture was "full." Do some of us, however, act as if we were the inhabitants of a closed, airtight, finished "universe"? We should not forget:

We believe all that God has revealed, all that He does now reveal, and we believe that He will yet reveal many great and important things pertaining to the Kingdom of God. (The Ninth Article of Faith, Italics Author's.)

It, perhaps, could be considered very pleasant if all we had to do were to sit by the television screen and wait for the announcement of the arrival of the millennium. But are there other treks to make, other deserts to conquer, temples to build,

no more and no less than the actuality of first principles—as they are held by many men and women in mid-twentieth century. If Mr. and Mrs. Abingdon turn out to be like most human beings now extant, either or both will give a little titter, covering a statement intended to be clever or realistic such as "trying to pay the milk bill." Then the conversation will lapse to the recent weather, babies, what the next session of the legislature will do, and the latest bargains in household appliances. Modern civilization has so encased modern industrial man in artifices, mechanisms, and conveniences, that many individuals are never required to think outside or beyond the nearest light switch, radio knob, or automobile starter. If the lights do not go on, or the motor start, the farthest reach of many is merely to the nearest telephone extension.

What is the principal business of life? To know the alphabet and the arrangement of the telephone directory? And, as necessary concomitant, some means of income to pay the telephone bill, the radio repairman, the grocer, and the taxes to keep the schools running, so the repairman can be trained and the alphabet learned? We have many pungent answers to this question in ancient and modern scripture. But do we connect them with automobiles and secular life? To encourage re-examination, this article will suggest some leading secular as well as scriptural answers. Our task is to blend them as life is blended.

Henry Adams, son of a great

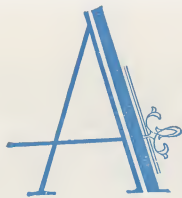
*Has the restored Church of Jesus Christ really
a mission for this earth?*

cities to plan? If so, what might their nature be?

If you want to try an interesting experiment along these lines, ask this question during a lull in the conversation at your next dinner party: "Mrs. Abingdon (or Mr. Abingdon), what do you consider to be the principal business of human beings?" If Mr. or Mrs. Abingdon happens to be of thoughtful turn, you will start your guests on an exciting piece of evening talk. The ensuing conversation should reveal

American family, resigned a Harvard professorship in 1879, to devote his life to the search for life's purpose. As Adams saw it, the problem was to discover if there were any "laws" of society, for historical evolution. The results are published, in part, in *The Education of Henry Adams* (1918). He turned first to the study of American history past, then to the physical sciences, then to esthetics and travel.

(Continued on page 661)



NACHRONISMS and THE BOOK OF MORMON

ANACHRONISMS (errors in time) are perhaps the worst plagues which beset those who would tell of the past, in the printed page, in speech, or on the screens of the motion picture houses. Because it is so difficult to keep these errors out, one of the best methods of detecting a forgery from a historical document is to examine it for things that did not exist at the time the article was supposed to have been made.

To insure authenticity in the movies, it is said that the larger studios have twenty thousand volume libraries. A large amount of a motion picture's budget goes into research and technical advice to insure the authenticity that millions of weekly movie attenders demand. The War Department gave technical assistance for the production *This Is the Army*. Yet, this picture, which excelled in music and color, had scarcely been released before an alert Boy Scout wrote to the studio asking why the American Eagle in the closing sequence, faced left. He knew, from his work in scouting, that this should never be.

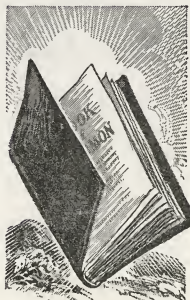
Even with a large staff of experts and with the expenditure of vast sums of money, no motion picture production is without errors. We should not expect it otherwise since, as human beings, we do err, and no human production is perfect.

By comparison, let's examine another composition arranged by Thomas W. Brookbank and which is reproduced in the book *Seven Claims of the Book of Mormon*, by Elder John A. Widtsoe and Franklin S. Harris, Jr., (1936).

Let us quote extensively:

The English of the Book of Mormon would therefore show, first, the absence of modernisms, and, secondly, a Hebrew reflection in words and sentence structure. These are both very evident as the following selections from an extensive literature will show.

The contractions "can't," "couldn't,"



"don't," and others of a like character and of constant use among English-speaking people, do not occur in the Book of Mormon. . . . Such forms are foreign to the ancient Jewish sacred speech.

No titles such as "Mr.," "Mrs.," "Miss," "Prof.," "Dr.," "D.D.," "LL.D.," "M.A.," "B.A.," "Hon.," "Ph.D.," "Lady," "Gentleman," "Sir," "Madam," "Esquire," "Excellency," "Highness," "Grace," "Peer," "Lord," "Baron," "Earl," "Reverend," or their plurals, together with many others that might be cited, are found in that book. A few, however, used to designate office, do occur as, for example, "King," "Captain," (general army office) and "Governor."

The English of the Book of Mormon would show first, the absence of modernisms, and second, a Hebrew reflection in words and sentence structure.

There are no surnames in the Book of Mormon, since surnames first came into general use about A.D. 1040.

In no instance is there a letter "q," "x," or "w" in an uncorrupted proper name in the translated Nephite records. Nor is one of them in an uncorrupted

Hebraic proper name found in the Bible. Not one of these letters occurs in the Hebrew alphabet under any name, and the Nephites as Israelites, or Hebrews, could not therefore make use of modernizing them.

The Book of Mormon makes no use of modern names for cloths, such as "calico," "muslin," "delaine," "linsey," "broadcloth," and scores of others. No modern names for many articles of wearing apparel occur in that book, as for example, "skirts," "pantaloons," "waistcoats," "collars," "cuffs," "gloves," "boots," "shirts," and others.

No names for intoxicants familiar to modern times and people are used in it. It makes no mention of whiskey, gin, ale, brandy, punch, porter, beer, and so on. The ancient word "wine" does occur.

The book does not speak of colleges or universities, nor does it refer directly to any such schools of learning. Libraries, art collection, museums, and like institutions are not mentioned, nor is their existence in any way implied.

Several single words and phrase terms which are in common use among modern English authors are wholly wanting in the pages of that work. To instance some of them we have, "namely," "as follows," "the following," "to wit," "the foregoing," "the above," "to sum up," "for instance," "for example," "to recapitulate," and so on. Even the rare use of such words was foreign to the ancient Hebrew speech.

Christian denominational names in use a century ago throughout the world are not to be found in the translated Nephite records; nor is Mohammedanism spoken of; and the same may be said of many "isms" of one character or another, which have sprung up among men during the last several centuries. All names also of Christian religious orders, such as Jesuits, Franciscans, and various others are excluded from that book.

No principle of science is mentioned under a modern name; no principle is referred to in any way which the very latest developments do not sustain as sound, scientific teachings.

No tariff or free trade questions are noticed.

Newspapers and magazines are not

(Continued on page 659)

THE IMPROVEMENT ERA

the spoken word

FROM TEMPLE SQUARE

By RICHARD L. EVANS

The End from the Beginning

AT THIS season we recall again one of the pleasant pastimes of our childhood, when we paused with other wide-eyed youngsters to watch the billposter, fore-runner of circuses and shows and other events, skilfully ply his paste and somehow make the parts of a ready-made picture slip piece by piece into place—thus to tell all passers-by of things to come. The first piece may not have given much hint as to the complete picture, but perhaps the second or the third did. And one by one we began to see the component parts of the various performers—and we experienced much impatience when we were pressed for time and couldn't wait for the picture to be completed. We are not so much aware of late of these skilful plyers of paste and posters, perhaps because we take less time these days to see some things that once absorbed us. But there are many other projected patterns continually taking shape before us, which should not pass unnoticed. Some of these patterns and pictures would no doubt be pleasant to contemplate and some of them we surely wouldn't like if we were to see the end from the beginning. Said the Savior of mankind: "Now learn a parable of the fig tree; When his branch is yet tender, and putteth forth leaves, ye know that summer is nigh: So likewise ye, when ye shall see all these things, know that it is near, even at

the doors." Intimations of things to come have a way of preceding the arrival of the events themselves. By the first postings on the board, often we may know what the finished picture is intended to be—and there are times when men would do well to appraise the intended picture before all the pieces are pasted down.

—August 7, 1949

On Being at Our Best

PERHAPS most of us give way at times to actions and attitudes and utterances which we would not ordinarily approve in ourselves or in others. But whenever we depart from our most acceptable selves, we must remember that there are at least two things for which we are constantly accountable: One is the effect our attitudes and actions have on us, and the other is the effect our attitudes and actions have on others. Especially should we be mindful of the effect of our actions and utterances on young and impressionable people. By the time we have arrived at adulthood, we ourselves may have acquired a solid set of standards from which we may not feel that there is much danger of departing very far, and to which it may seem rather easy to return—and we may think that occasional small departures won't matter too much. But while our off-actions and off-utterances may for us be

only passing departures, the impressions we implant in others may be permanent. Many a man who has said and done things that didn't seem to him to change his own well-anchored standards and basic beliefs has found that the example of his words and his ways has changed his children, and may have led them to permanent departures. Of course, we may presume the privileges of maturity; we may presume that it is all right for us who are older to say and to do things that those who are younger shouldn't say and do. But what a father does had better be good for his son, because most sons are at sometime or other likely to want to walk in their father's footsteps. What anyone does had better be good for those who depend upon him to set the pace. Even supposing that we ourselves could give way to substandard conduct and unworthy utterances without seeming to hurt ourselves very much, we must be mindful of the effects of what we do and say on others—because other people are influenced as much by us when we are at our worst as they are when we are at our best. For this reason, if for no other, it is important to be at our best.

—August 14, 1949

The Pattern of the Past

WE sometimes waste too much of the present in waiting for the return of the pattern of the past. Much as we may wish it were otherwise, things are never again exactly as once they were. And whatever

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(Concluded on following page)

Revised
Matthew 24:33



HEARD FROM THE "CROSSROADS OF THE WEST" WITH THE SALT LAKE TABERNACLE CHOIR AND ORGAN OVER A NATION-WIDE RADIO NETWORK THROUGH KSL AND THE COLUMBIA BROADCASTING SYSTEM EVERY SUNDAY AT 11:30 A.M. EASTERN TIME, 10:30 A.M. CENTRAL TIME, 9:30 A.M. MOUNTAIN TIME, AND 8:30 A.M. PACIFIC TIME.

THE SPOKEN WORD

(Concluded from preceding page)

part of the past we might wish to bring back, we must not waste the present by brooding about it. Life is fluid and flowing, varied and ever moving. And there is never a single moment that we can hold for more than a moment. We cannot say to time, to circumstances, or even to ourselves, "Stop, and stay as you are." We cannot say to any situation or to any season, "Stop and stay as you are." In this respect life is much like the movement of music. Music cannot be stopped and still be music. Any single sound that we hold too long becomes a monotonous note rather than a moving melody. And life likewise cannot be stopped and still

be life. But movement means change, and change means comparisons. And comparisons may show us some things, perhaps many things, from the past that we could well want to bring back. If, for example, there are important principles from which we have now too far departed, we had better do our best to turn toward them again. If there was once a safer and sounder sense of values, we had better do our best to bring it back. But the complete picture, the whole pattern, is never again going to re-shape itself just as once it was. And if we are waiting for life to return precisely to some previous pattern, if we are postponing preparation, if we are passing the op-

portunities of the present, if we are waiting for what once was to come back and be again just as once it was, we are wasting time. Life moves in one direction only—ever eternally onward. And whatever it once lacked or whatever it once had, the past is passed. There are principles that forever persist, from which it is dangerous to depart, and toward which we must evermore earnestly tend; but some things properly belong to the past, and we should take from today all the good it has to offer, and not waste time brooding about those parts of the pattern that can never completely return.

—August 21, 1949

Judging Ourselves and Others

THE question of judging ourselves and others is always a matter of serious concern. Perhaps all of us, certainly almost all of us, seek to justify our own actions and are critical of the actions of others; and most of us do some things that we resent in others—which reminds us of the man referred to by the Master—the Pharisee who prayed: "... I thank thee, that I am not as other men are." More justified, said the Savior, was the publican who prayed, "... God, be merciful to me a sinner."¹ Since none of us is perfect, it is unbecoming to assume a self-righteous superiority. This doesn't mean that we should condone misdoing in others. Being charitable of the errors of others doesn't make their wrongs right.

But it may relieve some of the harshness of the judgment which we sometimes spare ourselves and impose on others. There are so many small ways in which we judge or misjudge ourselves and other men and their motives. If, for example, someone passes us without recognition, we may assume that he has done so deliberately; whereas, it is more probable that he was preoccupied with a pressing problem and was utterly unaware of us. If we direct favors to friends or place members of our own family in preferred positions, to us it may seem merely a matter of loyalty or of doing our duty. But if others place their friends or families in favored positions, we frown upon it as favoritism or decry it as nepotism.

If we are negligent in performing some service, it is an understandable oversight to us. But if others fail in performing a similar service, it is an offense for which penalties should be imposed. And so we could go on cataloguing a long list of acts and of attitudes in this two-sided picture which shows one color to us and another color to others. It should cause us to be grateful that the final judgment of men rests with him who knows us better than we know one another. And, in looking at it all around, it should lead us to be as understanding of the actions and errors of others as we are of our own.

—August 28, 1949

¹Luke 18:11
²Ibid., 18:13

WITHOUT BENEFIT OF INSULIN

(Continued from page 631)

it will be too late to save my little boy.

December 15th

Today was mighty hard to bear. Heber begged us to move little Lucy's jumper in to his room from the kitchen. I made her a jumper with a long spring pole fastened to the ceiling logs. Phebe made a little harness out of my old overalls. He whistles for her and then sings:

Have you seen my, have you seen my,
Have you seen my new shoes?
With the tips on, with the tips on
With the tips on the toes.
And the buckles and bows,
And the tips on the toes.

Lucy just flies in her jumper when he claps his hands and sings. Then he falls back on the bed so exhausted, he looks like he was dead.

I couldn't stand it any longer, so I went to town. Got to talking with my friend George Bauer, and he asked about Heber. I told him how

he sang that song for the baby. I saw a tear or two run down his cheek, and he got up and went in his store and got a little pair of boots with copper toes and asked me to take them to Heber. He also sent him a new shiny silver dollar. He said, "Mr. Guymon, we all feel mighty sorry for you folks. If we can help in any way, please call on us."

Heber said to me when I told him good night, "Pa, I think I must

be going to die, everybody is so good to me."

December 25th

Well, today was Christmas. We all tried to be as happy as possible even with this black cloud hanging over us. We had a lovely snowstorm, and the world looks so pretty. The piñon trees are all loaded down and look like Christmas trees.

On account of the crops being good this year, we were able to get the children some presents. Phebe made Heber a little new shirt all by hand out of some bleached muslin. We got a pocket knife for Enoch and Jimmie and a new calico dress for Annie. Lucy was sure happy with her little china doll. We decided not to have any candy on account of Heber, so we had popcorn. This Christmas was sure better than the ones before as far as presents went.

The boys went up on the mountain a week ago and shot a wild turkey, and Phebe sure does know how to cook good. I helped Heber walk in the kitchen to sit at the Christmas dinner with us. He eats by himself beside his bed most of the time because we give him the best of everything, and it might make him feel bad if he saw we did not have it, too.

Phebe read the Christmas story of Christ's birth to us all this evening. We borrowed the book from Aunt Hanna.

December 31st

Well, tomorrow starts a new year.

All I can write every day is that Heber grows just a little worse. It is hard to bear. He tells us all not to worry because he is not afraid to die. Just think of a little boy eleven years old saying a thing like that with his life just before him.

Today he said, "Pa, I did want to grow up to be a man so I could help you when you get old, but I guess Enoch will have to be your right-hand man now that Jimmie has to go away to the school for the deaf." And then after a long pause, "I sure did want to see Lucy grow up too, but I guess God wants me."

January 15th
1885

Today after all the rest were gone to bed, I was sitting with

Heber all quiet and each thinking our own thoughts when suddenly he asked me, "Pa are you sure Ma will be there to meet me when I go?"

With me feeling so blue and sad and wondering if God has anything to do with a little boy suffering like this, it was hard for me to tell him I was sure his mother would meet him, but after I sat and thought a minute, I know she will. It's just got to be that way. Then I told him the story my mother told me long ago about how Jesus said he was going to prepare a home for us over there and I just knew he would have a nice place for a good little boy.

January 20th

Today it looked like maybe the end of his suffering was near. He was in sort of a stupor part of the time. I just had to get some work done outside. We had to get up a shed to protect the cow and horses from the cold north wind. Phebe sent Annie running for me, but by the time I got there he had revived, but he begged me not to leave him any more, so I sent the boys back alone to finish the shed.

There has only been two other days in my life as hard as this one. That was when his mother died and my little Mary girl went with heart disease. Oh, please God, take him and end this awful suffering. I can't go through another time like this evening. He told us all good-bye and went clean off but rallied again and looked up at

TOKEN

By Margaret Schaffer Connolly

INTO the red sunset and through the dark-
ning night

A blue goose wings its way to days that
are more bright.

He hawks me a "good-bye" even as he
onward goes

Over the rustling corn standing in even
rows.

Comes the sound of an owl's hoot as night
folds in

Around the leaning corn crib's roof of
old tin.

The moon pops out like a huge brass ball
From out his cloistered niche behind
the rock wall.

And where the goose preened, there lies
one blue feather

Left for me as token of early winter
weather!

me and said, "Well, Pa, I didn't make it, did I?" He then kissed baby Lucy good-bye three times and went to sleep.

January 21st
1885

Heber died today at 12:30. It is over, Thank God.

January 22nd

We sure have a lot of friends. A bunch of the womenfolk came and made a nice suit out of some black cloth that Geo. Bauer sent. His little white shirt that Phebe made for his Christmas looks nice with the black suit and his little copper-toed boots that he never walked in. John White made a coffin, planed it all nice and smooth, and his wife covered it with black calico and lined it with muslin. He looks nice in his coffin, and I can honestly say I am thankful to see him at rest.

Jimmie and Enoch and the Wilden boys have dug a grave up on the hill at the top of the farm beside baby Francis.

It took them all day because the ground was froze so hard.

January 23rd

We held a simple service here at the house. So many friends came. Some folk I never even met before. Brother Halls said some very comforting words, and the womenfolk tried to sing, but most of them broke down and left it for Aunt Hanna to go alone. Then we took the coffin in the wagon and laid my boy to rest. I have two boys up there on the hill now. It seems like I am the one to make the Mormon graveyard here at Mancos.

Oh, Margaret, I sent our little Mary girl on to you and now our boy, and I do know you will be there to welcome him. I can say tonight—God's will be done.

It about killed Phebe putting Heber by our little baby Francis. It was the first time she had been there since the baby died with whooping cough.

I must round up my shoulders and get to work because there is a living to make for the ones left here.

I guess I'll stop trying to write a journal. In reading over what I have written, it sounds too sad. I'll let God keep the records.

Lafayette Guymon

Editorials

Progress

To the ERA Family

LIVING things must either progress or retrograde. That is a law of existence. To remain the same today, tomorrow, and forever is impossible, for it would be contrary to the law of existence. Those who have tried to travel an unchanging road in life have failed. Up or down is the journey of life.

Progress means advancement. He who progresses adds knowledge to knowledge; worthy experience to experience; he grows in self-mastery; in living righteously in any environment; in love for his fellow man, and in love of truth. The progressing man may be recognized by the intensity of his love of truth and by his eagerness to use discovered truth for further progress.

The true objective of life is to make man's endless journey an upward one.

The progress of men is most easily recognized by their works. When the products or institutions of men improve, fit more closely the needs of life, and give increasing power to those who possess them—then we know that progress is in the air.

All this is said about a well-known subject because the ERA staff feels this month a pardonable pride in the magazine. It is sixteen pages larger than before, and a modest use of colors enlivens the pages. We believe that you will appreciate these improvements. It is planned to make them permanent, until other improvements may be added.

The added pages will carry much good material previously crowded out. They will also permit the printing of more material for our youth and for our women readers.

Of course, we also hope that ERA contents as a whole will become better than ever.

From its first number the IMPROVEMENT ERA has progressed. The difficulties and handicaps of the years have been overcome largely by the loyal confidence of the subscribers in the mission and service of the magazine. Modestly may we add that the fifty-two volumes of ERA contain an unequalled wealth of gospel love and defense. And, it has always sought to present and interpret questions of live interest to Latter-day Saints.

So, we are happy to present to you this new ERA. May it give you the joy it has given us!

—J. A. W

ON THE BOOKRACK

(Continued from page 618)

and is just the kind of person that the spine-tingling experiences of the book should happen to.—A. L. Z., Jr.

EDWIN ARLINGTON ROBINSON (Emery Neff. William Sloane Associates, New York. 1948. 286 pages. \$3.50.)

THIS volume in the American Men of Letters Series is a most interesting contribution to the life of this great American poet. The heartbreak that accompanied Robinson's insatiable desire to write—even when he went for ten years at one time without a cent from any of his poetry—puts to shame those who become easily discouraged with any chosen work they may follow. Through learning of his life the readers will tend to become more understanding of genius—and its attendant problems. How he conquered a bad habit will prove of value to all who know the value of self-discipline. Those who love his poetry will find an increasing zest in knowing his life;

those who learn of his life for the first time will find a rare experience in being introduced to his life and poetry.

—M. C. J.

THE ROAD TO REASON (Lecomte du Noüy. Longmans, Green and Company, New York. 1948. 254 pages. \$3.50.)

THE author of *Human Destiny* has given to the reader a thought-provoking book that should make man stand tall in trying to measure to his possibilities. Quoting the Greeks, the author states: Man is the measure of all things, and then adds that he likewise is the origin of all things inasmuch as "without man, the universe has neither shape nor color, just as in the absence of a tuned receiving set, a broadcast of Beethoven's greatest symphony fades into space unheard, . . ." The author states that two requisites for the solution of the program of today are: the accumulation of knowledge and the possession of imagination. And he makes a statement that is of great significance: "This

fairy story is the hypothesis, the fundamental tool of scientific work. It rests entirely on one of the most extraordinary qualities of the human mind, imagination—science would not exist without it. . . . The scientist with imagination is the pioneer of progress."

The book is a valuable one for leaders of youth—but they must be prepared to take some of the scientific work slowly and methodically. If they do this, they will find the book an invaluable aid to their teaching.

—M. C. J.

A SEA BETWEEN

(Lavinia R. Davis. Doubleday, Doran & Company, Garden City, New York. 266 pages. \$2.00.)

THIS is a story for teen-age girls—an honest-to-goodness teen-age girl who meets, faces, and solves, the problems of her life—not the least of which is her "first big romance." Prilly's story is a story of today—and Prilly herself is a character from a book that doesn't seem "bookish."—A. L. Z., Jr.

Evidences and Reconciliations

cxxxix. *What Is the Way to Truth?**

TRUTH is the substance of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. It is the anchor and joy of every member of the Church. It is his first and last concern. It is the offering of the Church to all the world, and, really, the only one. It is another name for the gospel of Jesus Christ, of which the Church is the divinely appointed custodian. To find the way to truth, and to tread it, is the most important matter before every intelligent person.

It is not a difficult way. It may be found by anyone. But, it makes definite requirements of the seeker for truth.

First, it demands that the seeker for truth desire it with all his might, mind, and strength.¹ A half-hearted wish will not suffice. It must be a sincere desire. One's whole being must reach out for truth, a fragment of which must be more precious than the whole restless, trembling world of untruth. Such a desire leads one inevitably to the gates of truth, a fragment of which must be more precious philosophers, and scientists, who have moved the world forward, have been vibrating lovers of truth. They have not found this gem of gems accidentally, but it has been revealed to them as the result of their earnest seeking. They set out with the power of desire in their souls, and victory was assured. To such, truth cannot be denied. It comes to them with a "great wakening light," as servant and friend. Wherever the searcher goes, if desire attend him, truth is found. The Prophet Alma has formulated the thought, "... he granteth unto men according to their desire."²

Many a mighty but stubborn soul has haunted the moorlands of life because it refused to yield itself to the desire for truth. It would rather feed upon its own wilfulness. Many a simple, but fervent soul, asking for truth above all else has won the kingship of a happy understanding among the restless multitude. The will for truth leads man farther than the possession of powerful physical or mental strength. The first requisite in finding the way to truth is a consuming desire to know things as they really are. Joseph Smith and Brigham Young had such desire. Had the world the will for truth, the children of men would soon attain peace.

The lover of truth will seek for help in his search. First, he will turn to the source of truth. The search for truth is a process of discovering the unknown, of throwing light into dark places.

This can best be done by being in communion with the source of truth, who is God. Such communion is best established by prayer. Men who successfully search out truth are prayerful. They stand with uncovered heads before the unknown. They know their own insignificance before the everlasting fount of knowledge. They turn to prayer for help. Then, with desire as the gasoline in the engine prayer becomes the ignition; achieving work is done. On the way to truth, prayer must be as a constant jubilant cry.

So armed, the seeker for truth hunts for the knowledge he wants. He studies all that is known about the subject, knowing full well that the possession of knowledge will lead to more knowledge. He experiments, records, and analyzes, whether in science or religion, until the hoped-for discovery is made.

If he is a seeker after gospel truth, he asks commanding questions: Does the Church accept all truth? Does it harmonize with the revealed teachings of the Lord? Can it be used in man's everyday labor? Does it bring contentment, love, and peace into the lives of men? As these and many other questions are answered, truth is revealed to him. Religion as well as science must be studied to be understood. It is well to ask the blatant unbeliever something about the serious study he has given the subject.

Then, fortified with desire, prayer, and knowledge, the seeker for truth tries out that which he has found. Truth is not fully established until it is put to the test of practice. That is, truth must be obeyed to be fully known. This is the elementary certification of truth. This may be the most difficult requirement made of the truth seeker. Traditions, appetites, and what not may clash with discovered truth. The smoker finds the Word of Wisdom difficult; the lover of money looks doubtfully upon the principle of tithing; though the value of both commandments has been established. But, without obedience to it, truth slips away, is forgotten, and becomes valueless in life. By the practice of discovered truth, man's desire, prayer, and knowledge are given the acid test. It takes courage to "live the truth."

These, then, are the steps on the way to truth: Desire, prayer, study, and practice. They form the eternal price which must be paid for truth.

This way must be found by each person for himself. Another cannot desire, pray, study, or practise in our stead and for us. Truth must be won individually.

This way to truth is the way to a testimony of the truth of the restored gospel of Jesus Christ. Try it! It never fails those who travel it sincerely. Those who live most, live by truth.

—J. A. W.

*Presented at the request of several readers.

¹Adapted in part from Widtsoe, *In Search of Truth*, p. 112.

²Alma 29:4.

THE FORT ON THE FIRING LINE

(Continued from page 639)

"Wasn't Hatch shot to death in a card game on Peter's Hill?" Haskell demanded, and Mike admitted in a low grunt that it was so. "Wasn't Tuvagutts killed by lightning on the Jump near the Cribs?"

Mike hung his head still lower. He remembered it.

"Where's Sanop's oldest boy?" and Haskell's black eyes were boring right into Mike's tortured soul. "Yes, you do know—you know he died in prison. And you know his brother was killed by some of your people in the big rocks south of McElmo. Norgwinup's boys doubled up and died like poisoned rats; Bob died; Grasshopper was killed. They were thieves, every one of them, just like you, and in a little while you are going to follow them."

These things had not happened at once, but they had come since Haskell sounded his solemn warning. Mike knew about every one of them, and he stood speechless in dread contemplation.

"You won't have use for any thousand dollars," Haskell pursued, intensifying Mike's terror of impending doom. "Dead men let the money fall out of their fingers."

Without another word the old man turned away, and Mike gazed despairingly after him while he licked his wide lips and closed his mouth with emotions baffling to his speech. Sometime before the light of the following morning, he followed a blind trail on the slope towards Navajo Mountain.

THE STORE which William Hyde began at Rincone, ten miles down the river from Bluff, had been slowly growing in prosperity in spite of Erastus Snow's ban on isolated dwellings. Amasa Barton married William Hyde's daughter, Parthenia, and became interested in the store. In 1885, Barton became the owner of the store; at least he became the manager and the clerk, and he moved there with his wife and child to attend to the business.

In taking this dangerous step Barton was not acting in defiance of any standard set up for the safety of the colony. From becoming interested in a small way, he had assumed one obligation after another

until it seemed only sane and sensible to go there and give his investment personal attention. Also he may have considered it no longer necessary for the people to huddle together, since they had seen fit to move out of the fort.

Barton was a man of unusual strength and energy, large and magnetic, a talented builder and mechanic, and just the kind of man to develop a new country. With untiring effort he built a neat, com-

HARVEST PROMISE

By Enna Nielsen James

FOR mile on mile they flaunt their tawny heads,
The tasseled fields of corn that wave and spread
To where the sky and hilltops meet and kiss;
They nod and whisper as we pass them by;
Display with pride the lavish gifts they bear
Within their rustling garments' leafy folds;
Rich tokens of a Father's thoughtful care;
Reminder—THIS the Pilgrims' "Promised Land."

modious home from the crooked logs he could find along the river, and he made an attractive store building, warehouse, blacksmith shop, and other substantial conveniences. He devised a treadmill in which he had a donkey lift water from the river for his well-kept garden.

Rincon, in Spanish, means "corner." This corner is formed by the right-angle junction of Comb Reef with the gorge of the San Juan River. It is the corner from which the travel-worn company from Hole-in-the-Rock had so much trouble getting out in the spring of 1880. Barton's operations in this cliff-bound *rincon* began to make the very name a suggestion of neatness and beauty, for at his artistic touch the junction presented a unique and pleasing contrast to the bald, gray cliffs all around.

His store like others of its kind, ran a pawn business instead of a credit account. A Navajo could pawn a gun, saddle, or anything else at a stipulated value, and draw goods up to that limit. The pawn could be renewed with a stipulated deposit, but anything left after a

given amount of time was forfeited. The system was rich with possibilities of unpleasant misunderstandings even with good Indians, but with bad Indians it was a handy leverage for all kinds of mischief.

A Navajo known as Old Eye, from having lost one eye when a flying gad struck him several years before, had worked often for Barton at Rincone, and had often looked longingly at the display of attractive goods in the store. When he went back to his little sheep herd in the reservation, he somehow evolved the wild notion of carrying the goods away from the store. This idea was no doubt inflamed, if not really suggested in the first place, by a certain young bully with a bad face, who was keen for the venture. Rincone was remote and unprotected, and they could get far away before anyone could after them. Better still, they could do it in such a way that they would seem to be justified. However, that robbery notion got such a hold on Old Eye, who had been a friend to Barton from the day of their first acquaintance, he planned with the young bully to rob the store, and their plan looked neater in anticipation than it ever looked as a fact.

IT was early one morning in May that the two Navajos came up from the river to Barton's place on the shelf and asked him to go with them into the store. Old Eye said he wanted to redeem some jewelry which had been pawned there by his squaw. The bully accompanied him, and when they got in the store, Old Eye demanded the return of the jewelry, offering for it nothing as a renewal of the pawn but a broken pistol of small or doubtful value, which Barton refused.

Precedent had given the storeman full right to refuse anything offered in exchange, but Old Eye was vitiated with eagerness for the robbery and had lost the good will of their former associations. Being in prearranged accord with his companion of the bad face, he objected hatefully to all of Barton's offers, while the young fellow waited silently for the situation to develop as planned. Barton detected something very wrong, but he knew no fear, and he never became a victim to excitement.

The disagreement was still but an unpleasant simmer when Mrs. Barton called him to breakfast, and the storeman, following his custom took his two customers to eat with him. When they had satisfied their appetites, they returned with him to the store and renewed their contention where they had laid it down.

Becoming aware that the trouble in the store was reaching a dangerously high pitch, Mrs. Barton went over and asked what she could do to help. She had recently become mother of her second child and was hardly fit to be out of bed, and her husband was annoyed that she should walk so far, so he assured her he was perfectly able to handle the situation, and he asked her to go back to the house.

She returned as directed, but she still watched and listened, and she knew also by her keen instinct that something terrible was about to happen in the store. Concealing a pistol under her apron, she went again—matters were even worse than she had expected, yet she knew the sight of that pistol would do no good unless she used it at once with deadly accuracy. She hesitated, and then ran back in desperation to the house where her mother, Mrs. Hyde, waited with the two small children.

Barton had tried to put the two fellows out of the store, a task to which he was fully equal physically, but the bully, with treacherous preparation, had lassoed him around the neck, jerked him down on the counter, and was choking him to unconsciousness.

When the terrified women heard a shot, Mrs. Hyde ran to see what had happened. They had dragged Barton over the counter and into the doorway where he lay unconscious, face downward, and Old Eye jumped astride his back to hold him while the bully got a pistol into action. The shot the women had heard had apparently gone wild, and the bully was in a state of great excitement. Mrs. Hyde's appearance upset him all the more, and raising the pistol quickly, he fired, missing his mark again, but hitting Old Eye near the heart.

Old Eye jumped from Barton's back and ran round to the back of the store building where as

subsequent events proved, he dropped dead.

Although the bully had slackened his rope to use the pistol, Barton had not recovered from the choking to know he was free to move, or to realize what was going on. Seeing his terrible blunder, the bully thrust his pistol against Barton's head and fired, and was about to fire again when Mrs. Hyde pushed him away. At this he rushed around the store building to see what had happened to his one-eyed companion, and what he found made him more a fiend than before. Returning with frantic stride, he thrust the old lady roughly away, and shot the prostrate man again in the crown of the head.

The mischief was done! The report in the reservation would be like a blaze in the dry grass.

The bully shouldered the body of his companion and staggered with it down from the shelf to a boat at the water's edge. Getting the corpse to the south side he dumped it on the sand and ran, to disappear in a grove of cottonwoods. He would of course report to his people that the Mormon storeman had murdered Old Eye.

Old Cheepoots and other Piutes had watched the whole affair without taking any part, and to them, the desperate Mrs. Barton and her mother turned for help. With her

and the little town which would now be equally in danger.

Mrs. Barton gave Old Cheepoots fifteen dollars to ride like mad with a note to Bluff—to ride faster than he had ever ridden before. The old Indian took the money, sprang to the back of his cayuse, and vanished.

The women got the other Piutes to help carry Barton to the house and lay him on a couch under a shed by the door. He was not dead; he seemed to be partly conscious, but the bullets entering the back of his head had lodged behind his eyes and made him blind.

The women gazed often in anguish of suspense at that boat across the river, and sent their despairing glance hopefully to the sandhills where Old Cheepoots had disappeared. But why begin looking there so soon? He couldn't yet have got a mile away and would be picking his way along the dangerous trail over the cliff above the river. Their fate was in his hands, hanging on his honor—Piute honor. Possibly that was an attribute of minus quantity. He had his money, and he might go as slowly as he pleased or not go at all, feeling sure that no one would be left at Rincone to accuse or blame him. Possibly his cayuse would fall headlong in its inordinate haste and break its legs among the big rocks. Possibly his fate was hanging on a race between that red-handed bully, and the best old Cheepoots could get out of his thin yellow pony. The old man might run his horse to death and still fail to have someone at Rincone before the women and babies would be butchered.

In one of their fearful glances at the boat and at the cottonwoods where the bully disappeared, they saw six tall Navajos coming with rapid stride. Their step suggested anger, violence. With but a passing glance at the prostrate body of Old Eye, they quickened their movements, piled into the boat, rowed with quick stroke of oar to the north bank and headed up the hill to the stricken home where the agonized women waited. Could it be possible that help from Bluff was anywhere near to save them? No, thinking about it calmly, they knew the old man could be no more than half-way at best.

(To be continued)

AUTUMN POOL

By Webb Dycus

THE pool is frosted now with fallen leaves;
And mirrored on its cold, untroubled floor,
Two cream-puff clouds are caught and loosely held
Within the branches of a sycamore.

Above the water, whimsically dipping,
A butterfly in yellow waltzes by;
I think she finds it signally amusing
To sail along above the picture sky!

two babies, the youngest little more than a week old, they were there alone at the mercy of the soon-to-be enraged nation of Navajos. Their nearest friends, very few in number, and with no power to meet a horde of furious savages, were up the river at Bluff, ten miles away—ten long miles over rocks and sand to her nearest friends, and indefinitely farther to any adequate help! It would take at least ten days to bring a force to protect her

How Should Baby's Formula Be Prepared?



Because the nutritional requirements of babies vary widely, there can be no one formula that is best for all babies. This is why we do not publish formulas.

Only your doctor is qualified to tell you how to prepare your baby's formula. Soon after baby arrives he will give you full directions and then regularly adjust the formula to baby's changing needs.

When he prescribes Special Morning Milk he knows that extra care is given to the production of this evaporated milk that is produced especially for babies. He knows, too, that Special Morning Milk is fortified with extra vitamins A and D to help promote proper bone and tooth development.

You can be glad that your baby is a Special Morning Milk baby!



Special
**MORNING
MILK**

Family Living

LIGHT FOR LIVING

By Edith Shepherd

LAMP-LIGHTING time comes early these fall evenings, and sometimes it would be very satisfying to capture armfuls of the wonderful outdoor light and scatter it lavishly through every dark corner of the home. Nature took thousands of years to develop our eyes for outdoor distance seeing, but with the advent of the printing press came the demand for close-range eye work, and we have brought our eyes indoors to study, work, and play.

While you are trimming your lamps, take time to contemplate that only two people in a hundred have perfect vision, and that the fundamental purpose of lamps is to make lighting easier and safer. Lamps for study work should be equipped with shades large enough to give a good spread of light, and you will find when choosing a lining for your shade that light-colored ones give the best possible reflection. All bare lamp bulbs should be shaded, for unshaded bulbs produce a harmful glare, and they are wasteful where downward light is desired. Even so, it is best that shades be left open at the top so that some of the light may be reflected upward and outward; the effect is a more even distribution of light.

Light may be reflected glaringly from glossy desk surfaces, in which case it may be diffused through an approved diffusing bowl. Silver-bowl lamp bulbs will also cut out direct glare and provide indirect lighting.

Home-servicing your eyes also demands thoughtful care in placing lamps so that maximum light will be delivered where it is most needed. Often this can be accomplished by placing lamps closer to furniture groupings they are intended to light. Not more than twenty-four inches

from the seeing task is a good rule to remember for arranging your lamps. If you place lamps to the side of your furniture, you will not be facing the light when you sew or read. Avoid shadows! Light should come from the side opposite the hand being used.

And you can highlight reading in bed by placing the lamp in the corner near the head of the bed, where light is reflected from both walls. This will greatly increase the light falling on the book.

Dust and dirt can waste light—be sure your fixtures are clean.

The "eye-deal" home-lighting system takes into consideration the right height of lamps to give maximum light under all working conditions, and the wattage of bulbs which will prevent strain; for instance, a floor lamp placed at rear of the davenport, chairs, or at keyboard side of the piano should be 46-49 inches in height (measured from floor to bottom of shade), with a shade 16-20 inches in diameter, and should carry a bulb of 150-300 watts. But a pin-up lamp for use in the kitchen, at telephone tables, or at each side of mirror with center of shade at face level, requires only a 60-100 watt bulb and no diffusing bowl. These lamps are usually placed 48-56 inches above the floor. Obtain a complete chart from your light company.

Lighting should not be confined to one spot but distributed over wide areas. Lighting experts tell us that in the future the architect will consider lighting an important part of home decoration, that he will use light as "material," just as he now uses wood, plastics, and draperies. Light will be considered "not as a bright spot coming from one point in the room, but as whole surfaces glowing like the sky."¹

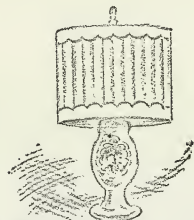
¹Better Vision Institute Bulletin, November 1946.
THE IMPROVEMENT ERA

NEW LAMPSHADES FROM OLD

By Katherine Dissinger

WHEN considering creative indoor hobbies this fall, give a thought to your lampshades. A crisp new shade, you know, will give the whole room a lift. New shades are quite expensive, but those old ones can be re-covered at a fraction of the cost of new ones. Too, by re-covering these old shades, it is possible to select colors, fabrics, and trimmings which "set off" the lamps perfectly and harmonize with your other furnishings.

One homemaker recently refurbished all her shades, covering a drum-shaped lampshade with pale blue and white striped wallpaper and trimming it with scalloped paper edging, tying it in with the scalloped window valances. Crystal dressing table lamps were topped with pink-pleated organdy shades tied with wine-colored ribbon that matched the wine in the chintz-covered chair. A stretched silk shade was finished with hand-braided edging. A modern lamp boasted a big boxy shade covered with gleaming metallic paper. Twin pin-up lamps flanking black and white silhouette pictures were edged with eyelet beading through which black ribbon was run. All gay and crisp with her own clever touches that made them doubly charming!



Drum-shaped shade covered with striped wallpaper finished with scalloped edging of crested paper—

RE-COVERING PAPER SHADES

PARCHMENT, metallic, or novelty paper, as well as heavy drawing paper for lining, can be bought at
(Continued on following page)

OCTOBER 1949

Your washing machine needs this help!



You may be satisfied with your washing machine or automatic washer. But many other women have learned—even without our advice—that their washers turn out cleaner, sweeter-smelling clothes with the help of Fels-Naptha Soap.

The reason is plain. Fels-Naptha is not a synthetic, chemical "quickie." It is more than an "average" laundry soap. Fels-Naptha is mild, golden soap blended with active NAPTHA—the fast gentle cleaning agent whose extra dirt-removing action is a proven fact.



Use this safe, thorough soap in your washer and you'll see an immediate improvement. Remember—you own a wonderful labor-saving device. You can make it an even more wonderful means of getting clothes completely, fragrantly clean. Just give it the help it needs—golden Fels-Naptha Soap—preferably the non-sneeze Fels-Naptha Soap Chips.



MADE IN PHILA.
BY FELS & CO

FOR EXTRA CLEANING ACTION USE

Fels-Naptha Soap

MILD, GOLDEN SOAP AND ACTIVE NAPTHA

**WESTERN LOCKERAP HOLDS
THE "Put Away" FLAVOR
OF Frozen Meats
FISH, FOWL
AND GAME**

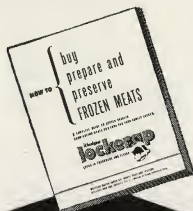


**Western
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WESTERN LOCKERAP locks in flavorful juices and natural color of frozen meats, fish, fowl and game. Guard your choice cuts against taste-robbing moisture loss with the waxed paper wrap designed expressly for this purpose ...in home freezers or rented lockers.

For plus-perfect protection for your freezer-stored meats, WESTERN LOCKERAP has added 20% more protective coating. This means added assurance that your fresh meats will retain natural juices and color...WESTERN LOCKERAP now seals more securely than ever before against flavor-stealing sub-zero air. You save as it seals.

WESTERN LOCKERAP is now available at your grocer's or locker plant in buff and the new pearly-white full bleached roll.



FREE colorful guide to help you prepare, protect and preserve your quick-frozen foods. For it at your grocer's or locker plant.

Roll contains 150 feet of WESTERN LOCKERAP. Choice of 16, 20 or 24 inch widths.



**Waxed paper
protects
freshness**

**Western
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WESTERN WAXED PAPER CO.
PORTLAND • SAN LEANDRO
LOS ANGELES

New Lampshades from Old

(Continued from preceding page)

a stationer's or art store, as can gummed paper or *passee-partout* tape. And don't forget that left-over wallpaper or shelf paper can be used. Paste is made by mixing a little cornstarch with cold water, adding hot water and cooking to the consistency of mayonnaise. A brush is helpful in applying.

1. Re-covering a drum-shaped shade.

Measure the circumference and depth of the shade with tape measure to determine how long a paper strip is needed to cover. Add one-half inch to form a flat seam overlap at the end of the strip. Cut strip after marking straight edges with a ruler.

Cut lining paper the same dimension in circumference but two inches greater in depth for turning over. First, paste lining to inside of shade with the extra inch turned down to the outside edges at both top and bottom, snipping neat darts where the spokes come and as necessary to make the paper lie flat to the outside. Then paste the outside paper strip in place.

If desired, trim the shade with a scalloped paper edging or with flat braid.

2. Re-covering with any taper-shaped shade with paper.

The preceding directions are followed when re-covering any taper-shaped shade, whether it be round, rectangular, or hexagonal in shape. However, instead of measuring to determine the cutting pattern, do this: Mark starting place with pencil on shade and paper, twirl the shade slowly on the paper, outlining the shape of both top and bottom edges as you turn. (Figure 1.) Continue to roll shade on paper until the starting mark is again reached. Add one-half inch for the flat overlap at the end. Cut lining two inches greater in depth.

Paste lining and outside in place, as above, snipping darts as necessary and where the spokes come. The edges may be finished with upholstery braid or fringe or gummed paper *passee-partout* tape.

3. Pleated shape for taper-shaped form.

Cut lining paper and paste in place as previously described.

To make the pleated outside, choose stiff paper or mount wall-paper or novelty paper or even fabric on paper stiffening (a large sheet of drawing paper). Cut a strip three inches deeper than original shade and long enough to reach two and one-half times around its circumference. Turn under both top and bottom edges with a one-half inch hem and sew or crease in place. Use a ruler to mark off one inch measures along top and bottom edges. Fold pleats, using a straight-edge to bend the edge of each pleat evenly. Press with a warm iron. Paste or sew an overlap seam.

Punch holes in the middle of each pleat, from two to four inches from the top and bottom edges, depending on the size of the shade. Run the cord through, place the pleated piece around the shade and draw up cords and tie in little bows. It may be necessary to tie or sew the cord to the paper lining at intervals with dental floss to keep in place.

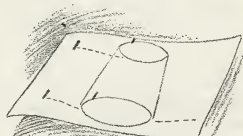


Fig. 1

RE-COVERING FABRIC SHADES

PERHAPS the scrap bag will provide the material for recovering the shade. Cottons such as chambray, poplin, muslin, or chintz make crisp, serviceable shades. For your nicest lamps, you may want to use silk, nylon, rayon, or taffeta. Rayon or nylon make a good lining. And there are a wealth of trimmings to select from—braids, ruffling, and fringes from the dime or department store.

Milliner's glue is used when gluing braid or trimming to the fabric because it does not strike through as does paste or ordinary glue. Dental floss is excellent for sewing

(Continued on page 656)
THE IMPROVEMENT ERA

ALL
TOP QUALITY
ALL
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BIG BULB OFFER

for fall planting

The bulbs in these offers are large blooming size . . . *not* little bulbs or bulbets. They're the *pick* of the crop from the nation's best bulb growers in the Pacific Northwest. Fisher's selected these *quality* bulbs because they want you to be as pleased with these offers as you are with Zoom, another outstanding Northwest product. These values are unsurpassed! All offers are guaranteed.

This outline
actual size
daffodil
bulbs

**BIG
Values
IN
BIG
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Zoom Bargain No. 1 SPRING GARDEN COLLECTION

for Fall Planting

- 2 Golden Trumpet Daffodils
- 2 Fragrant Narcissus
- 2 Scarlet Flowering Tulips
- 6 Bulbous Iris (Orchid-like blooms)
- 6 Crocus (first spring blossoms)

18 Vigorous Healthy Bulbs
\$1.70 Retail Value

ONLY **50¢** and ZOOM boxtop,
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Save through your
purchase of
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whole wheat for the
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Zoom Bargain No. 2 LITTLE GARDEN GROUP

- 1 Golden Trumpet Daffodil
- 5 Spring Crocus
- 4 Bulbous Iris
- 2 Poet's Narcissus

A starter of fine bulbs for big blooms next
spring—all easy to grow.
(Colorful border assortment)

90¢ Retail Value 12 First-grade Bulbs **25¢**

Zoom Bargain No. 3 GOLDEN TRUMPET DAFFODILS

Bulbs size of outline above
\$1.75 Retail Value

12 BIG HEALTHY BULBS

50¢ and ZOOM boxtop,
postpaid

Plant NOW for giant Spring blooms!



Product of the Fisher Flouring Mills
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Exclusive! BONDED BULBS

Finest quality Choice Varieties
Labeled Easy-to-grow
Any soil Any climate

Bulb Gardeners Narcissus Collection

For Exhibition Blooms

- 3 Daffodils—King Alfred—rich yellow, frilled and curved
- 3 Daffodils—Orange Glow—magnificent blooms
- 3 Narcissus—Lady Diana Manners (white, red cup)
- 3 Narcissus—Early Perfection (delicate cluster type)
- 1 New Thalia Narcissus

\$2.00 Retail Value Only **\$1** plus
Zoom
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PLANT
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All bulbs easy to grow and guaranteed to please. Immediate delivery. Send for as many bargain offers as you like. Planting instructions with all orders. Include 1 Zoom boxtop (or facsimile) for each bargain offer ordered. Send for all 4 offers.

Enclosed is \$..... (.....CASH;CHECK;MONEY ORDER)

and..... ZOOM boxtops for which send me postpaid

.....Zoom Bargain No. 1 @ 50¢Zoom Bargain No. 2 @ 25¢

.....Zoom Bargain No. 3 @ 50¢Zoom Bargain No. 4 @ \$1.00

YOUR NAME..... (PRINT IF CONVENIENT)

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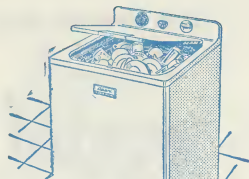
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(Offer Expires November 30, 1949)

OK Bishop! but give me 90 seconds To Wash the Dishes

"I'll just stack 'em in the DISH-A-MATIC and grab my hat! I don't even have to pre-rinse 'em!" ...



APEX DISH-A-MATIC

"The dishwasher that **REALLY** washes dishes!"

See Your Local APEX Dealer or

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- The only dishwasher that **REALLY** washes dishes because it's the only dishwasher that **PRE-HEATS** it's own water—with a built-in water heater!
- The 180° temperature melts lipstick, peanut butter, waxes and greases—Pasteurizes as it cleans!
- Because it uses water 40° hotter, the DISH-A-MATIC is able to use a gentler "water scrubbing" action that can never harm your most delicate china!
- No pre-rinsing—no drying. Even your finest crystal comes out sparkling, spotlessly clean—in less than one half hour!

New Lampshades from Old

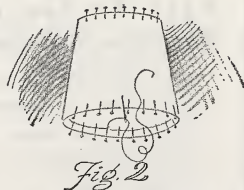
(Continued from page 654)

a fabric shade to a wire frame in that it is strong and does not cut through tightly stretched fabric.

Stretch fabric shade for a drum-shaped shade, or a taper-shaped shade, or a gored-section shade with only a slight flare. (If the shade has a wide flare, it is necessary to cut separate panels and seam together over each wire spoke.) The edges are to be finished with ruffling, braid, or fringe.

Make a paper cutting pattern by following directions for covering the paper-covered shade of the type you are working on—drum-shaped, taper-shaped. Allow an extra inch at top and bottom for both the lining and outside and one-half inch at the ends. Lay the paper pattern on the bias of the material and cut. Seam the outside piece, taking a one-fourth inch seam. Place the outside piece over the wire frame and smooth around, pinning at both top and bottom edges as you go, adjusting the pins carefully. Roll fabric around the wire frame and sew in place with over and over stitches. (Figure 2.)

Seam the lining, place inside shade, pin in place over wire frame to the outside, turn under raw edges and fell in place with tiny over and over stitches. Snip neat darts in the lining where the spokes come and draw a little bias piece with the edges folded in around the spoke, catching the ends in your stitching. This whip-stitching on the right side of the shade is to be covered with braid, ruffling, or fringe. Take care not to catch the



inside lining when whip-stitching. Use milliner's glue to attach decorations.

CREAMED TUNA a la Secretary!

Try this "no-afternoon-let-down" lunch today ... made with new and exclusive

"BITE-SIZE"
Grated TUNA

Creamed tuna made with this famous quality tuna is a satisfying food but not a "heavy" one ... gives you the nourishment you need, with no 3 o'clock fag!



Trademark of Van Camp Sea Food Co. Inc., Terminal Island, Calif.

2. Slip-cover shade.

This shade can be made on an unlined wire frame if a rather heavy fabric such as plain or printed glazed chintz is used. If a sheer material or a gleaming plastic-coated fabric is used, first line the frame with paper or cloth.

Cut the fabric four and one-half inches deeper than the wire frame and twice as long as the circumference of the lower edge. Seam ends together. Sew a half-inch hem along the bottom edge. Fold in one-eighth inch at top edge, then fold down two inches. Stitch along hem edge. Stitch along one-half inch above this stitching to make a casing. Cut slots midway along the casing, run ribbons through. Place on the shade frame with casing just below the top edge of wire frame. Draw ribbons tight and tie in bows.

3. Circular shade.

This graceful shade is cut circularly, the top and bottom edges trimmed with lamp shade ruffling. It should be made of stiff or stiffened fabric, or fabric should be used over pliofilm for the necessary stiffness.

To make this shade, measure depth of frame with tape measure, carry tape across top opening and down other side, then add three inches for the diameter of the circle. Using this diameter, cut a large circle of fabric. Trim out a center circle one-half inch smaller than the top of the shade. Cut pliofilm the same size and sew bottom edges together at the same time the ruffling is sewed on. Sew the inner circle edges to top wire of the frame, rolling over the top wire as you overcast. Glue or sew ruffling in place along the top edge. To hold folds of shade in place, stitch them to lower frame at three- or four-inch intervals, using tiny over and over stitches.



Taper-shaped shade with sections of exquisite flowered wallpaper, edges finished with passe-partout tape



"Today he walked alone"

The day you write this is a big day for your baby—and a happy day for you. It means that the tiny, delicate little being, who lay so lightly in your arms a few months ago, is on the way to sturdy childhood. It means his bones—baby-soft such a little while ago—have grown strong enough to take him on his first venture on his own two feet.

Of course, your baby's growth depends largely on the things *you* do—chiefly on the kind of milk you give him.

Is it safe milk, easy to digest, and rich in all the food substances that make milk the most nearly perfect food?

Sego Milk is that Kind of Milk

Always easy for babies to digest. Always uniformly rich in the food substances of whole milk. Always as safe, in its sealed container, as if there were no germ of disease in the world.

And one thing more: your baby needs an adequate amount of vitamin D, the sunshine vitamin, combined with the minerals of whole milk, to help him build straight, strong bones and sound teeth, and to make the best of growth. Sego Milk contains vitamin D in pure crystalline form, in the full amount doctors say his milk should contain.

With all these qualities Sego Milk, the first evaporated milk in the intermountain west, a standard of highest quality for more than 45 years, costs less generally than any other form of milk.

Free To Mothers!

This beautiful 64-page illustrated book that makes it easier for you to care for and train your baby. Send for your free copy of this helpful book today. Address Dept. E-11.

SEGO MILK PRODUCTS CO.

Salt Lake City, Utah



WONDERFUL!

That's the reaction to this great new phonograph record

JESSIE EVANS SMITH
with the
SALT LAKE
TABERNACLE CHOIR

singing

"THE KING OF GLORY"

("He that hath clean hands and a pure heart.")

and

"BEHOLD, 'TIS EVENTIDE"

(solo only)

Accompanied by Alexander Schreiner

12" semi-flex record\$1.31

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RECORDING ARTS, INC.

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PRODUCERS OF THESE POPULAR ALBUMS

Seven Immortal Hymns\$3.95

Joseph Smith's Story5.05

My Picture Book of Songs3.95

Utah customers add 2% sales tax.

PUNCH FOR THE PARTY

THE Halloween punch bowl has become almost as traditional as popcorn and pumpkin pie. Everyone enjoys a cool, refreshing drink at a dance or party, and the number of fruit drinks which can be prepared is as endless in variety as it is in goodness.

Fruit juice punches may be slightly more trouble and expense than other favorites, but their value as foods makes them highly desirable whenever liquid refreshment is served. Plain fruit juices, served without added sugar, provide the ideal punch for children's parties and other small gatherings. However, when juices are mixed and diluted to serve large crowds, the addition of small amounts of sugar adds flavor. Use it sparingly. Let the fruit flavors predominate.

These recipes from *How To Be Well*, by Leah D. Widtsoe, will call for seconds from your party crowd. Ingredients may be increased to meet needs of your party.

1 quart apple juice
The cinnamon, allspice, and cloves into a thin small bag and boil fifteen minutes with sugar and water. Remove the bag, cool the liquid, and add apple juice. Chill and serve cold, or heat (but do not boil) just before serving. Serve in mugs or small glasses. Nutmeg may be added, or slices of orange.

Grape Punch

1 quart grape juice
1/2 cup raspberry juice
1/2 cup cherry juice (any other fresh juices may be used)

Add water to taste. Serve with a thin slice of orange and maraschino cherry.

Fruitade for Fifty

4 cups brown sugar
2 quarts water
Juice of 18 large oranges
Juice of 10 lemons
2 cups pineapple juice or other fruit juice

Boil brown sugar and water 2 minutes. Cool. Add fruit juices. Add 2 to 4 quarts ice-cold water, and just before serving add 4 quarts unflavored carbonated water. Keep cold. Cut fruit (strawberries, bananas, pineapple) may be added to the fruit syrup if desired.

Orange Surprise

3 quarts orange juice
1 quart carbonated water
Whipped cream

Mix the orange juice and soda water at serving time, and top each glass with a spoonful of whipped cream.

Orange Ambrosia

4 cups orange juice
1/2 cup lemon juice
1 cup grapefruit juice
4 qts. gingerale
Cold water and sugar to taste

Into a large chilled punch bowl put two quarts orange ice or sherbet. Pour the punch mixture over sherbet when ready to serve.

Halloween Punch

Prepare a jack-o'-lantern face on each side of a very large pumpkin; cut enough from the top to insert a small punch bowl; in it serve the above recipe for Orange Ambrosia.

PRESERVING LEAVES

By Katherine Dissinger

WHY not bring some of the beautifully colored autumn leaves into the house for decoration? They combine beautifully in centerpiece, in baskets, on mantle or table. To preserve them do this: In a cardboard box alternate thin layers of borax and layers of leaves until all the leaves have been covered. Let stand for two or three days; shake off the borax and wipe each leaf with liquid floor wax.

MAMIE P. CALL'S
NEW NOVEL

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Goblin Punch

1/2 cup brown sugar
2 cups water
2 teaspoons grated lemon rind
2 small sticks cinnamon
4 whole cloves
3 cups orange juice
1 cup pineapple juice
10 thin slices or half slices unpeeled orange
6 to 8 cups apple juice

Boil together sugar, water, lemon rind, cinnamon, and cloves for two minutes. Add orange and pineapple juices and orange slices. Chill. Mix with apple juice before serving.

Jack Frost Julep

1 bunch fresh mint (chopped)
6 whole cloves
2 small sticks cinnamon
2 cups boiling water
2 cups orange juice
1/2 cup lemon juice
3/4 cup brown sugar
1 orange peeled and diced
1/2 cup diced pineapple
1/4 cup diced maraschino cherries
1 quart white grape juice
1 quart carbonated water

Add mint, cloves, and cinnamon to boiling water and let stand till cold. Strain. Add orange juice, lemon juice, and sugar. Stir till sugar dissolves. Add diced fruit and grape juice. Chill. Before serving, add one quart carbonated water and cold water to taste. Into each glass put a spoonful of orange ice or sherbet, and pour punch over it.

Spiced Apple Juice

1 3-inch stick cinnamon, mashed
3 whole apples
6 whole cloves
1/4 cup brown sugar
1 cup water

Anachronisms and the Book of Mormon

(Continued from page 644)

spoken of, nor is their existence implied.

When giving relative values which obtained in the Nephite monetary system (see Alma 11), any statement concerning or involving a decimal principle would have been well-nigh fatal to the claim that the Book of Mormon records are a translation from ancient historical writings. Decimals, as we understand and use them, were not invented until after the beginning of the Christian era. The Book of Mormon does not give even an intimation of the relative value of any piece of the Nephite money when compared with some specified coin of America or England.

No weekday names occur in the book. Not one of the names of the days of the week as they are now used is traceable to an original Hebraic source. Names of months are not given in the Nephite records. The naming of them was unknown to the ancient Israelites. Special days or seasons of Christian Church observance are all passed in silence. Easter, Lent, and not a few others receive no mention.

Watches and clocks are not referred to; neither are the hours of the day as measured by such instruments. No mention is made of cannons, rifles, muskets, shot, shell, or ammunition.

No reference is made to modern medical practices. Diseases under modern names are not spoken of; neither are modern drugs mentioned. Names of modern beverages do not occur, as tea, coffee, or chocolate.

No modern geographical names are used. No place is located by means of latitude and longitude. This convenient and accurate system first came into use about A. D. 382.

When writing largely as he did of the Lamanites; who for centuries have been known to English-speaking peoples as Indians, and whom he in his younger days knew by no other appellation, how does it happen, if the Book of Mormon be fictitious, that Joseph Smith never once substitutes the name "Indians" for "Lamanites"?

No reference is made to trial by jury.

There is a different point of view from which this matter of what had been left out of the Book of Mormon is to be considered. Reference is made to things and matters which with perfect consistency might be spoken of in one part of the book while the mention of them even indirectly in another part would have been a disastrous

(Concluded on following page)



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1. Quarter and separate sections of 1 medium-size onion and cook with: $\frac{1}{4}$ cup green pepper strips and $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups sliced celery in $\frac{1}{4}$ cup butter (or margarine) 3 minutes.
2. Add: 1 cup hot water, 1 tsp. salt, cover and cook 5 minutes.
3. Add: 1 # $\frac{1}{2}$ can Star-Kist Fancy Solid Pack (or Chunk Style) Tuna broken into large pieces, and 1 No. 2 can Chow Mein vegetables, drained. Heat thoroughly, then...
4. Combine and stir into above: 1 tbsp. cold water, $1\frac{1}{2}$ tbsps. corn-starch, 2 tbsps. soy sauce, $\frac{1}{4}$ tsp. granulated sugar.
5. Cook 1 minute longer. Serve over fried noodles or rice.

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ANACHRONISMS AND THE BOOK OF MORMON

(Concluded from preceding page)
error. We find that the book of Ether does not purport to give an outline of the history of an Israelitish people, but of a Babylonian colony. Some of the omissions which had to be observed in the abridgment of the Etheric narrative are:

(a) References to the law of Moses; to the writing of the ten commandments by the finger of the Lord; to his descent on Mount Sinai; to a single one of his many marvelous works in behalf of the Israelites.

(b) Abraham and his calling to be the father of the faithful could not be mentioned; nor could stories relating to Isaac, Joseph, Moses, Joshua, David, Solomon, and a host of other renowned servants of God.

(c) Nothing could be said respecting the Aaronic nor the Melchizedek priesthoods; nor the Levites; nor the tabernacle nor its location.

(d) Jerusalem, Canaan, Palestine, Egypt, the Dead Sea, the Red Sea, the Jordan, Nazareth, with their sacred and blessed memories could not safely be spoken of unless a knowledge of them is accounted for as coming from the hand to the Lord. (T. W. Brookbank, *Millennial Star* 86:36-39, 52-55, 59-60.)

The elimination of common English words from the Book of Mormon vocabulary is evidence that no modern writer wrote the book originally. The frequent use of "exceeding" and "exceedingly" when for most of them "very" alone or in phrase combination could be substituted. "Very" as an adverbial modifier is not used until near the close of Nephi's second book.

"Quite" is a term in daily use among English-speaking people, yet it is not used in the Book of Mormon. "Just" in combinations such as "just now" or "just come," does not occur in the Book of Mormon anywhere. "Guess," is a word that Joseph Smith, a native of Vermont, might be expected to use frequently; but it occurs only once in the book, and then in the past tense. (Helaman 16:16.) "Namely" is a common word, but it is not used as an original word in the Nephite records.

(Thomas W. Brookbank, *THE IMPROVEMENT ERA* 14:500-505.)

Doesn't it seem singularly strange that Joseph Smith could use words so consistently without knowledge of the customs and mores of ancient peoples; without special training; with no staff of experts; and with no means by which to hire such help, and could write an account of an ancient people such as the Jaredites covering about 2,500 years of time, and then again of the Nephites covering another one thousand years, each of these accounts being peculiar to its own time and conditions? In these accounts Joseph Smith gives locations, distances, migrations by land and sea; notwithstanding at this time, Joseph Smith had never traveled outside of his immediate vicinity and had probably never seen an ocean. In these accounts are given the doings of governments and courts with officers and laws.

Joseph Smith knew almost nothing of these people. They had, according to the Book of Mormon, monetary systems, systems of weights and measures, religions, agriculture, with all the customs and activities of people and nations. Doesn't it seem strange, indeed, that none of the common errors that writers and the motion picture industry make are found in the Book of Mormon? Grammatical errors, yes, because God used man as he is, but it is evident that he was not using Joseph Smith to provide the facts; they were already provided in the record on the golden plates.

When the Lord used Joseph Smith as Joseph Smith, there were human errors, but where he used the record as recorded by the prophets at the time and under the conditions as the records were made, there are no errors.

Taking into consideration, then, the manner in which the Book of Mormon came forth, and also the searching scrutiny to which the book has been subjected, it seems that we may well conclude that if the claims set out by Joseph Smith were not true, they would long ago have been disproved and exposed. His claims have stood well over a century of time, standing as firm today as they did the day they were made.



The Church and Modern Society

(Continued from page 643)

Two centuries, from 1050 to 1250, came to represent for him in the evening of his days the crown and glory of all human endeavor; the first century with its Norman Mont-Saint-Michel and its *Chanson de Roland*, with its forthright strength and simplicity, its uncritical acceptance of life and God, its hope encompassed by a sufficing unity—a strong, naive, credulous world, yet with men's minds buttressed like their cathedrals by a faith that held in equilibrium the soaring arches of their aspirations, with every cranny and nook flooded with radiant color: and the second century, that expressed itself in the cathedral of Chartres, with its adoration of the Virgin, its courtly love . . . its passionate mysticism of Saint Louis and Saint Bernard and Saint Francis, and its soaring scholasticism of Thomas Aquinas . . . to such idealization of medievalism did this child of Puritanism come in the wistful twilight of his days.¹

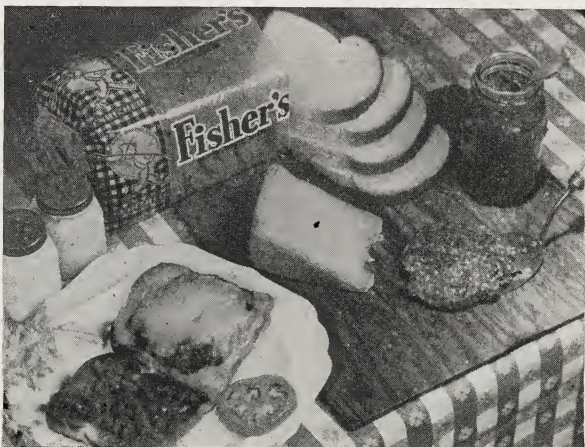
Plato in the fourth century B.C. approached the problem in several ways. In his dialogue, *Protagoras*, the latter declares that he can teach "prudence in affairs private and public: in short, the science of knowledge of human life." But in the end it comes out that at best "all men are teachers of virtue, each one according to his ability."

Does the Church claim to know the answer? In the introduction it was suggested that the restoration of the gospel included knowledge as to the divine purpose of God, namely, to bring about the immortality and eternal life of man. The business of life then, for believers in God and this message, is to assist in bringing to pass these results. But what has this to do with *this* life? Let us indulge a specious, misleading argument or two:

Immortality is assured to all men: universal salvation is the restorationist view of Christ's accomplishment. In the gospel race, everyone wins; at least wins the resurrection of the body. There may be a *time element* in this for the extremely wicked; but in the end, "As in Adam all die, even so in Christ shall all be made alive." (Evidently there isn't a great deal the Christian believer can do to help out the business of purely physical immortality, *per se*.) What about eternal life then? The free gift of immortality is enough to make most men feel no pause about their actions in this life, even if mildly concerned about the future, for, *if* and *when* the future comes, along with immortality, there will be eternity! And eternity is a long time; God is merciful

¹Vernon Louis Pargenson, *Main Currents in American Thought*, vol. 3:220-221.

(Continued on following page)



BEST BREAD IDEA OF THE MONTH This tempting hamburger cheese is delicious anytime, but especially out-of-this-world with the first cool days of October. Season one pound of ground beef with salt and pepper and shape into 6 square flat cakes. Fry on both sides until done. Toast 6 slices of flavorful Fisher's Enriched White Bread and cover each slice with a slice of nippy cheese. Place under low broiler heat until cheese is melted. Cover each with a hot hamburger patty, spread it with relish and cover with another slice of toasted Fisher's bread which has been spread with salad dressing. Serve at once and listen to those raves. Serves 6, of course. For best results, always use Fisher's—bread at its best!

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as well as just, so why bother? Of course, the time element comes in again with the suggestion that if in this life one makes a stronger effort, he can be so much farther ahead in the life to come. But why get ahead of all these nice people? Those who don't try now, we are told, can never catch up, even though they may see and experience many fine things as *they* progress in *their* own way in God's own time. So, does this leave the matter of the business of eternal life, in *this* life, merely a matter of eager-beaverism?

Section 14 of the Doctrine and Covenants revealed to David Whitmer, June 1829 (verse seven) declares:

And, if you keep my commandments and endure to the end you shall have eternal life, which gift is the greatest of all the gifts of God.

The Lord, in Section 15, the same month and year, told John Whitmer (verse six):

... that the thing which will be of the most worth unto you will be to declare repentance unto this people, that you may bring souls unto me, that you may rest with them in the kingdom of my Father.

THE world-famous student of history, Arnold J. Toynbee, in the 1947 Creighton lecture at the University of London, discussed "The Unification of the World and the Change in Historical Perspective." Western (our) civilization, since 1500, has succeeded in *encompassing* and *penetrating* all other living civilizations. As a result, he suggests:

Our own descendants are not going to be just Western, like ourselves. They are going to be heirs of Confucius and Lao-tse as well as Socrates, Plato, and Plotinus, heirs of Gautama Buddha as well as Deutero-Isaiah and Jesus Christ; heirs of Zarathustra and Mohammed as well as Elijah and Elisha and Peter and Paul... of Lenin and Gandhi and Sun Yat-sen as well as Cromwell and George Washington and Mazzini.²

Stuart Chase, discussing the existing scientific equipment for the conquest and elimination of war lists the available material findings, then asks:

Where are the men who can transcend their own cultures and really labor in the Lord's vineyard serving all mankind?³

²Quotation on Trial (Oxford University Press: 1948), 90.

³The Proper Study of Mankind: An Inquiry Into the Science of Human Relations (Harper: 1948), Chase 277.

Toynbee notes that the center of gravity in the coming age will probably be determined by human, not physical, geography. This means that the great quadrilateral in Asia where the bulk of mankind dwell may come to great power. This great mass of humanity "is the last and mightiest sleeper" awakened by the West, and "religion is likely to be the plane on which this coming centripetal counter-movement will first declare itself."⁴ (The 1949 affinity of Chinese and Russian communism, with certain disturbances in southeast Asia, affirms that Marxism is making a strong bid to become the religion of this human mass.) Summing up for Americans, Europeans, and other inheritors of western civilization, Toynbee suggests:

If our first precept should be to study our own history, not on its own account but for the part which the West has played in the unification of mankind, our second precept, in studying history as a whole, should be to relegate economic and political history to a subordinate place and give religious history the primacy. *For religion, after all, is the serious business of the human race.* (Italics author's)⁵

So, Mrs. Abingdon, not the milk bill, but *religion*, according to Arnold J. Toynbee, is the real, serious business of the human race.

Peter Whitmer, Jr., in June 1829, receiving identical instruction with that of his brother John (Doctrine and Covenants 16:6) learned:

... the thing which will be of the most worth unto you will be to declare repentance unto this people, that you may bring souls unto me, that you may rest with them in the kingdom of my Father.

Chase's call for the men who can transcend their own cultural inheritance and really labor in the Lord's vineyard for all mankind; Toynbee's shrewd observation that despite western civilization's world-conquering technology, human beings and their relation with religion is the key to the future, certainly suggests some large-scale, modern opportunities. Inevitably, the simple words of Mark's gospel (16:15) acquire enlarged meaning:

... Go ye into *all* the world, and preach the gospel to *every* creature. (Italics author's.)

⁴Toynbee, op. cit., 93.

⁵Ibid., 94.

Toynbee's *Study of History* declares his finding that "only Jesus of Nazareth saves." The Whitmer brothers were told to declare repentance. Toynbee's historical finding and the scriptural mandate combine to make an appealing picture of future opportunity for the religious-minded.

But has the restored Church of Jesus Christ *really* a mission for *this earth*? If immortality is assured, and if eternal life is a long time, why not, (as some facetious and facile lunch-table talk sometimes suggests at points between the Lion House and the mission field):

... wait as mankind die and do the work for them in the temples? Meanwhile, anybody who wants to join after hearing the message, can and should join and gain that "time-advantage." But for the rest, say many, why work ourselves into a lather? And why, for all things, should we concern ourselves beyond the sphere of our effective responsibility and get "all steamed up" over racial bigotry and intolerance, the Chinese civil war, the United Nations, and the atom bomb? What difference does it make whether there is peace or war, sickness or health, poverty or plenty? Isn't it the lot of all men to do the best they can, wherever they are found, for where there is no law, there is no disobedience anyway,—and let the Lord be the judge in the hereafter?

How do you answer this question? The individual answer, as with any testimony of truth, will determine the individual and social outcome because the answer each individual freely makes for himself will influence attitudes, performance, individual and social behavior.

What is *joy*? "Men are, that they might have joy!" Is disease joy? War? Misery? Dictatorship and regimentation?

Has the Church of Christ a mission in modern world society? These articles have reviewed some of the aspects of modern world society in the hope that an occasional suggestion may have been made regarding future treks and pioneer projects awaiting attention in the last half of the twentieth century. There are many more, and some of them may never get beyond the Nauvoo stage. Continuing the historical reference, we may also remind ourselves that beyond Nauvoo, before the mountain valleys

*Arnold J. Toynbee, *A Study of History*. Abridgment of vols. 1-6 by D. C. Somervell (New York: 1947), chapter 20, especially pp. 544-547.

(Concluded on following page)

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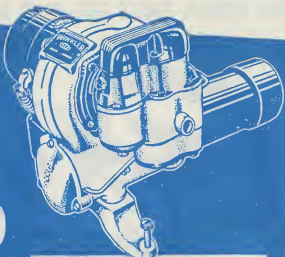
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The Church and Modern Society

(Concluded from preceding page)

were reached, was the misery and travail of Winter Quarters!

Has the Church of Christ a mission in modern world society? It certainly has. Let there be no doubt about it. The first section of the Doctrine and Covenants of the Church sets forth a global pattern of responsibility:

Wherefore, I the Lord, knowing the calamity which should come upon the inhabitants of the earth, called upon my servant Joseph Smith, Jun., and spake unto him from heaven, and gave him commandments;

. . . That mine everlasting covenant might be established;

That the fullness of my gospel might be proclaimed by the weak and the simple unto the ends of the world, and before kings and rulers. (Verses 17, 22-23.)

The gospel was certainly not restored for the purpose of adding calamity to calamity, but its principles were made available for the purpose of benefiting mankind.

It becomes the responsibility of the Church, the conservator of our religion, to provide means and direction whereby humanity may be led into the paths of happiness. This responsibility includes every need of man. *Whatever pertains to human welfare must be the concern of the Church.* (Italics author's)

The car is at the curbstone. Dynamite and atomic energy are in the storehouse. How shall they be used? Knowledge does not save, but the use of knowledge may. To use knowledge requires, first and foremost, possession of the knowledge, and secondly, the sense of purpose, personal intelligence, and social responsibility ("go ye into all the world") revealed in the gospel. Knowledge has become widespread. Can gospel principles be spread rapidly too? And how can they be applied? We come then to the guiding principles: (1) Knowledge; and (2) Wisdom in the use of knowledge. Mankind cannot be saved in ignorance. Neither, possessing knowledge, can men be saved unless knowledge is used. A definite mission of the Church in modern society is to show how knowledge may be gained and used for human betterment—in "all the world."

¹ J. A. Widtsoe, *Program of the Church* (1936), 24.



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CONFIDENTIAL ANNUAL REPORT

BRETHREN of priesthood quorum presidencies:

What of your confidential annual report? Will you have the information collected, tabulated, and the report delivered to the chairman of your stake Melchizedek Priesthood Committee not later than January 1?

And above all, are you now using the information gained by means of these confidential interviews to aid you in bringing righteousness into the hearts of your quorum members?

It is imperative that priesthood presidencies who have not already collected much of the required information, or who are not now using that information for the benefit of the quorum members involved, begin immediately to do so.

This is an important report. It is one of the most effective tools that quorum presidencies have to aid them in discharging their responsibility of leading their brethren along the path that leads to the celestial world. Quorum presidents who collect the information and then use it themselves—in the manner in which it should be used—find that it helps them to get the brethren over whom they preside to meet the standards of righteousness which the Church expects of holders of the Melchizedek Priesthood.

Chief purpose of the annual confidential interview of quorum members is to enable quorum presidents to get better acquainted with and learn the spiritual and temporal needs of their members. The Church is not nearly so much interested in gathering social statistics on, say, the Word of Wisdom, as it is with placing the information as to which quorum members keep that law of health into the hands of the presidents of quorums. These presiding brethren are then expected to use that information in guiding their members into the paths of proper conduct.

And, brethren, please comply with the instructions on the report itself and on pages 49 to 51 of the Melchizedek Priesthood Handbook, 1948. To collect and use the required information is not difficult if a few simple principles are followed:

1—Keep uppermost in your mind the fact that the annual survey is your opportunity, as a priesthood officer, to become better acquainted with quorum members, to encourage them,

and to make them feel the warmth and strength of priesthood brotherhood.

2—Allow plenty of time for your survey. A high priests quorum with an extended membership, for instance, cannot be surveyed in a few weeks or months. In some of them, it is a year-round process.

3—No one is to make the interviews except quorum presidents or counselors. Quorum or group secretaries and group leaders (unless they happen also to be a member of the quorum presidency) will not be used.

4—The interviews should be finished and the report completed by December 31.

5—When the interview is made, only two persons should be present: the quorum member and one member of the quorum presidency. It should be conducted in the absence of the member's family. Every precaution should be taken to avoid embarrassment to the member. We want to bind our members to us more closely, and not do any avoidable thing that might drive them away.

6—*“Quorum officers are to keep the confidences of their fellow members. They should not overlook the fact that this is a confidential report. It is a sacred trust which worthy leaders will not violate.”*

7.—It is proper to discuss the matter of tithing with quorum members during the interview. Since, however, the interview will always take place before the final tithing settlement for the year, the final tithing status of the member will not be determined in the interview. Quorum presidents will take a list of their members living in each ward to the bishop of that ward, and he will indicate whether each member is a full, part, or non-tithe payer, or whether he is exempt from the provisions of this law. Amounts paid are no concern of quorum presidents. They are confidential between the member and his bishop.

8.—It is also proper to discuss matters of chastity, integrity, honesty, and the like with quorum members. But quorum presidents will not ask their members if they are morally clean. The answer to that question on the report will be gained from general reputation. The same is true for the question as to how many members, if any, “do not have a reputation for honesty, integrity, and fair dealing.”

9—It is not necessary to ask any question the answer to which is already known. If the brother is known to use tobacco, do not ask him if he does. Using proper tact and wisdom, however, quorum presidents should use their utmost energy to get persons addicted with this and other like habits to reform their ways of life.

10—The practice of sending questionnaires in any form to gain the information for this annual report is not approved. Much of the value of the report lies in the fact that quorum presidents are able to counsel with their members on what the standards of the Church are and on the things they should do to meet them.

Monthly Quorum Business Meetings

ONCE again we call the attention of stake and priesthood presidencies to a vital policy concerning monthly quorum business meetings.

These monthly meetings are not gospel study classes. “No lesson materials are to be discussed.” They are not lecture periods. Special programs are not to be arranged. Speakers are not to be invited in from without the quorum. Speakers are not to be assigned from within the quorum. There are to be no special speakers, no lectures, and no lessons.

It would be appreciated if those concerned would discontinue, or see that these practices are discontinued. Further, persons invited to lecture or speak at these meetings would be rendering a service by declining the invitation on the ground that it is contrary to the official policy of the Church.

These monthly meetings are business sessions. They are frequently the one official opportunity that the quorum presidency has during the month to make the brotherhood and fraternalism of the quorum really work on a whole quorum basis.

In large measure the degree of brotherhood, fraternalism, and real priesthood kinship that exists in any quorum is in direct

Priesthood

CONDUCTED BY THE GENERAL PRIESTHOOD COMMITTEE OF THE COUNCIL OF THE TWELVE — HAROLD B. LEE, CHAIRMAN; EZRA TAFT BENSON, MARK E. PETERSEN, HENRY D. MOYLE, MARION G. ROMNEY, THOMAS E. MC KAY, CLIFFORD E. YOUNG, ALMA SONNE, LEVI EDGAR YOUNG, ANTOINE R. IVINS, RICHARD L. EVANS, OSCAR A. KIRKHAM, S. DILWORTH YOUNG, MILTON R. HUNTER, BRUCE R. MC CONKIE

proportion to the effectiveness of these monthly business meetings.

Detailed instructions, not always followed in the past, for the conduct of these meetings are found on pages 36a and 36b of the *Melchizedek Handbook*, 1948. These pages are printed on a green insert sheet, and if they have not already been made available to all holders of the *Handbook*, immediate steps should be taken to see that they are. Supplies have been sent to the stakes by the general priesthood committee.

NO-LIQUOR-TOBACCO COLUMN

Conducted by
Dr. Joseph F. Merrill

Are We Foolishly Short-Sighted?

RECENTLY, on the advice of a friend, we went to a movie show and saw a beautiful picture—beautiful from an artistic standpoint—its form, color, and production left nothing to be desired. But its subject matter and purpose made it, in our opinion, unfit for showing, especially to young and unsophisticated people. Its purpose was to promote the sale of a particular brand of cigarettes. Its message was that it is smart and popular to smoke, especially that brand of cigarettes, and that the tobacco industry is a beneficent one—it gives employment to so many people and contributes in taxes millions to the public treasury. No intimation whatever was given of the evils of smoking—of injury to the mind, body, and spirit of countless millions of smokers; no intimation of enormous losses caused by fires due to careless handling of lighted cigarettes, losses both of life and property. Many people still remember the burning of a hotel in Atlanta, Georgia, a few years ago due to a lighted cigaret, a fire in which more than 120 people were burned to

death. A large proportion of the hundreds of forest fires in the United States during the summer of 1949 were started by lighted cigarets, so it has been reported. Many thousands of acres of valuable forest lands were burned at a loss of untold millions of dollars. The annual loss in the United States due to cigaret-caused fires is enormous.

But however great the property losses may be, the loss of human values is much greater. It is sad, sad indeed, that human beings are so weak and short-sighted that they continue to indulge in body, mind, and soul-destroying practices, one of which is smoking, the evils of which have been stated time after time in this column. What shall we do about it? Answer: Continue with increased vigor persistent educational efforts; stoutly combat efforts to increase sales by deceptive advertizing propaganda by all legitimate available methods; especially be active in teaching youth the harmful effects of smoking and try to motivate them not to indulge; further, take an active interest in law observance and law enforcement.

In some states—Utah among them—there are laws requiring public schools to teach the evils of the use of tobacco, alcoholic beverages, other narcotics, and forbidding the sale of these things to minors. Are these laws enforced in your community? If not, should you not do something about this? In Salt Lake, Weber, and some other counties in Utah, there are committees at work cooperating with the civil law enforcement officers in efforts to have these laws obeyed. In Idaho, the Idaho Civic Forces are organized and working to the same end.

This fact must be kept in mind by those who want the laws enforced, especially moral laws: *Laws Do Not Enforce Themselves*. And such is the influence of the underworld that officers whose duty it is to see that the laws are enforced are usually more or less negligent in enforcing laws relative to liquor, tobacco, gambling in its many varieties, prostitution, etc. Unless they feel they are supported by the majority of the voters relative to enforcement of these laws, the officers will do little or nothing about

the matter. They do not care “to stick their necks out.” Hence citizens who want a clean environment—the observance of laws that will bring it about—must be ever vigilant in seeing that law-enforcement officers do not go to sleep on their jobs. Is this not true? Then what?

Do You Want to Stop Smoking?

How can one who wants to stop smoking give up the habit is a question we are frequently asked. In reply we usually offer some literature on the subject—leaflets or folders—that give answer to the question. But sometimes the smoker says, “I have tried and tried but can’t stop.” All such smokers will be interested to learn that a harmless drug, pleasant to take, will readily effect a cure, so it is claimed. It has succeeded in 80 percent of the cases in which it has been tried, the report states. It is now being studied in several hospitals in California. Before the medical profession places the stamp of approval on its use, they must know more about it. Does it have injurious after-effects? If not, it will be a boon to all those who are sincere in wanting to stop smoking, but apparently lack the will power to quit. In this connection we express the opinion that every normal human being can stop smoking by exercising his will to the limit and by persistent worthy praying to God. But to the weak, the new drug may offer an easier way to stop smoking. A prominent doctor in California will later report his finding to us.

Wet Areas Disappearing

The Voice says the dries are steadily drying wet territory, according to Professor W. A. Scharffenberg, of the American Temperance Society. In six months, in North Carolina, twenty-five local option elections were won by the anti-liquor forces. The majorities ranged from two-to-one to fourteen-to-one. In Illinois, out of eighty-three districts voting, forty-eight remained dry and nineteen switched from wet to dry.

Among the reasons for the switch is that the fruits of repeal are worse than America had bargained for. Through the growth of “lady” cocktail lounges, the growth of drinking among women has greatly increased. The percentage of women admitted to mental hospitals for alcoholism has increased nearly threefold in the past ten years. It is safely estimated that there are at least one million women in America that are “problem drinkers,” and that more than six million other women drink alcohol as a part of their way of life.



The Presiding

Aaronic Priesthood Quorums to Have Individual Standard Quorum Awards and New Type Frames

FOR the past thirteen years, since the award program was introduced in 1936, all quorums of the Aaronic Priesthood qualifying for the Standard Quorum Award have been presented with a common award form as a certificate of achievement. There have been several changes in design and size but always the same award has been presented to all quorums.

In an effort to individualize the Standard Quorum Award, a certificate separate and distinct in design will, hereafter, be presented to the respective priests, teachers, and deacons quorums meeting the established requirements. A facsimile of the new awards, presented below, will at once reveal the individualization of the quorum award which should create new interest and promote greater enthusiasm on the part of leaders and boys alike.

INDICATING SUCCESSIVE YEARS OF ACHIEVEMENT

Another innovation to add both to the utility and the attractiveness of the award will be the hand-written indication of the successive years in award achievement. For instance, if a deacons quorum is qualifying for the "Eighth Year Award" this information will be indicated in the lower

left-hand corner of the award. This change replaces the system of adding a particular gold seal to indicate the number of years the quorum has achieved this recognition.

Because the new Standard Quorum Award will be a representation of all previous award achievements, the old certificates may be destroyed unless it is desired to keep them for one reason or another.

FRAMES TO BE EQUIPPED WITH TURNBUCKLES

For many years now we have grown increasingly apprehensive of the number of framed awards hanging in classrooms and elsewhere in the chapel, if

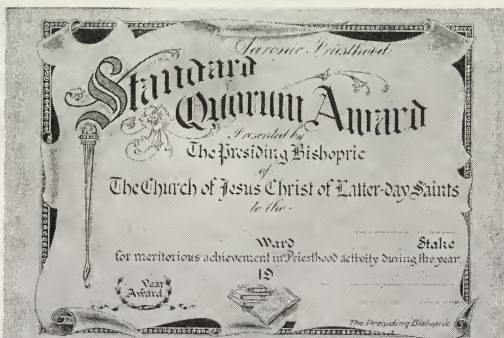
indeed many of them are hanging at all. A solution to the problem has eluded us for many reasons until the present time. We now feel that the time has arrived and circumstances have developed which permit the change that will govern in the future.

All Standard Quorum Awards for 1949 will be framed as in the past. However, the new frames will be equipped with metal turnbuckles to make it convenient to change certificates in a matter of seconds. Quorums earning the Standard Quorum Award for 1950, who also earned the award in 1949, will be provided with the unframed certificate only, which Aaronic Priesthood leaders will immediately place in the frame furnished the previous year, removing the old

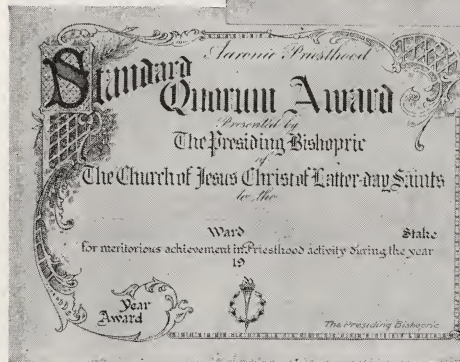
certificate. There will be only one frame to be hung for each successful quorum of the Aaronic Priesthood in the ward and that frame will contain only the latest award earned.

Quorums not earning the award for 1949 will be furnished the new frame the first year thereafter in which the award is applied for, the same subsequent procedure to govern as outlined above.

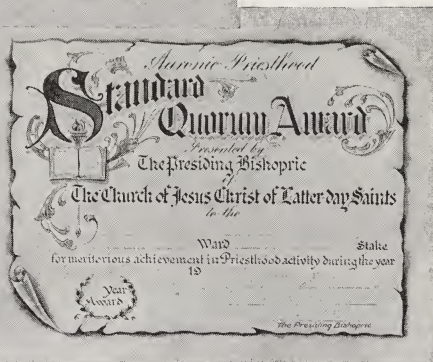
PRIESTS QUORUM AWARD



TEACHERS QUORUM AWARD



DEACONS QUORUM AWARD





ORDERVILLE WARD L. D. S. GIRLS, KANAB STAKE

The award program for L.D.S. girls is gaining popularity in the Orderville Ward, Kanab Stake. Eleven of the girls earned individual awards while all of them contributed to group records which qualified the three age groups for the award.

L.D.S. Girls

Substitutions Allowed in Perfect Attendance Records

EACH Latter-day Saint girl having a perfect attendance record at sacrament meeting, Sunday School, and Y.W.M.I.A. throughout the year will have a special 100 percent seal affixed to her Individual Certificate of Award for that year, assuming that all other requirements are met as specified.

The only authorized substitutions for attendance at the specified meetings are as follows:

- (1) A girl attending one session of (a) stake quarterly conference; (b) general conference in Salt Lake City; (c) June conference of the M.I.A. in Salt Lake City, on the Sabbath day, may take credit for attendance at either a Sunday School meeting or a

sacrament meeting in her ward of residence provided such meetings were held in her ward on that day.

- (2) A girl attending two sessions of (a) stake quarterly conference; (b) general conference in Salt Lake City; (c) June conference of the M.I.A. in Salt Lake City, on the Sabbath day, may take credit for attendance at a Sunday School meeting and a sacrament meeting in her ward of residence provided a Sunday School meeting and a sacrament meeting were held in her ward on that day. Where only one of these two meetings was held in her ward on that particular Sunday, she may take credit for attending that one meeting only.

Ward Teaching

Teaching or Visiting?

ONE of the foremost objectives of Church leaders is to improve the standard of ward teaching. President George Albert Smith recently said, "Let us see if we can improve our ward teaching, brethren." (Conference Report, October 1948.) It is a tremendous responsibility to carry the gospel message to the fireside. Those called to this work are reminded of the timely admonition given by the Lord to his servants in this dispensation. "Therefore, O ye that embark in the service of God, see that ye serve him with all your heart, might, mind and strength, that ye may stand blameless before God at the last day." (D. & C. 4:2.)

OCTOBER 1949

The mere fact that the teacher visits regularly is not proof that he is doing his full duty. If teaching is not the object of our visiting, little will be accomplished. Visiting suggests a call that may only be social in nature and without a definite purpose. Teaching is positive and can only be accomplished through instructing, encouraging or educating the members in gospel principles.

While it is not intended that the call shall be so formal as to eliminate cordiality and friendliness, the teacher should nevertheless keep in mind the intent of the visit. Each call should leave the family spiritually strengthened and more thoroughly informed in doctrine and encouraged in the faith.

Aaronic Priesthood Choruses

Stake and Ward Leaders

Building the Singing Program

THE objectives of the Aaronic Priesthood singing program can be more effectively realized through a close, cooperative relationship between bishops and stake choristers as follows:

- (1) Bishops should appoint a ward Aaronic Priesthood chorister and organist

- (2) A boys' chorus should be organized in the ward

- (3) Provide ample opportunities for public performances by the chorus

- (4) Plan a motivating program to include social and fraternal activities

- (5) The chorister and organist should attend the special department for ward Aaronic Priesthood choristers and organists conducted in the Aaronic Priesthood department of the Stake Priesthood leadership meeting

This type of cooperation will assure pleasant relationships, accomplish the objectives of the Aaronic Priesthood singing program and put the boys in contact with the refining, cultural, and spiritual influences of music.

Adult Members Aaronic Priesthood

Reports Should Be Signed

STAKE and ward reports for the adult members of the Aaronic Priesthood should be signed as indicated in the report.

There are many reasons why stake and ward reports should be signed by those responsible for the promotion of the program, chief among these being:

- (1) Signatures are evidence that the signing officers have had the report in their hands and suggest that they have carefully examined it, and given their approval

- (2) Signatures indicate an authorized report

- (3) A signature is an acknowledgment of responsibility

The signatures of those who should sign a report are important since the program on the stake and ward levels takes root in the signers and revolves around them.

Unsigned reports lose much of their value as a permanent, authorized record.

MISSION TO POLYNESIA

(Continued from page 635)
what food we have to eat, and when we tell them that we have only coconuts, they say they can't come but will send us a native of Tahiti. But those we don't want. And now, since you have loved us so much that you have come to live with us, we feel very glad indeed, and will try to make you comfortable and happy."

Next day Elder Grouard met with the chiefs of the five settlements on the island, and they all seemed so friendly and so interested in the gospel that he was much encouraged. Now he knew that the Lord had brought him to this land, and there was no fear left in his heart when the ship sailed off without him.

Nearly all the natives took an immediate and deep interest in Elder Grouard's teaching, and because they had previously been taught to look upon religion as something very mysterious, the simplicity of the revealed gospel surprised and delighted them. From almost the first day, his house was thronged from daylight until nearly midnight. Everyone from the governor to the least subject had questions almost without number to ask on religious and political topics.

"Frequently," he wrote, "when I awoke in the morning at daylight, I would notice one or more persons standing in my door with Bibles in hand, waiting for me to awake, so that they might ask me questions respecting some passage of scripture."

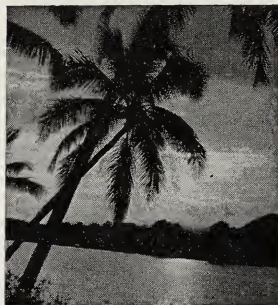
On May 25, less than a month after he had landed on the island, Elder Grouard baptized his first six converts. By June 15, twenty-four had come into the fold, all from the village in which he was living. Then he made a fifteen day tour of the island, preaching thirty-one times in public, holding dozens of gospel conversations, and baptizing twenty-nine persons.

From that day on, the people rushed to him in droves to be baptized. He also had much occasion to rejoice in witnessing the signs that follow those who believe, as a number of sick were healed by the Lord through his administration, and "devils were cast out."

September 21, 1845, was a memorable day on Anaa. On this

day, the first general meetings of the Church were held, five branches were organized, and seventeen officers were set apart. The servant of the Lord, preaching the restored gospel of Jesus Christ, had been on the island four months and twenty-one days, had baptized 620 persons, and had "bright prospects for many more."

Elder Grouard now felt that he must have assistance, someone with whom he could talk and counsel. There was no one to come to his aid but Addison. He thought of writing him a letter, asking him to come, but, although the islands were only about four hundred miles apart, he figured that because they were so isolated it would take six or eight months, or maybe even a year, for Addison to arrive. No! He just could not wait that long.



After making the subject a matter of prayer for several days, he felt that he should go after Addison in a *pahi Paumotu*, a native double canoe. Elder Grouard learned that these vessels, in which the natives go from island to island, were quite serviceable in good weather when sailing before the wind, but in bad weather they were very dangerous. There was no quadrant or compass available, but the natives were experts at sailing the seas without the use of nautical instruments. Tahiti lies directly west, in line with the prevailing winds, and can be seen for some distance at sea. He therefore determined to obtain a native double canoe, recruit a crew, go to Tahiti, and then, if no better opportunity presented itself, try to obtain a

quadrant and compass and head for Tubuai.

He revealed his plans to his native friends, and they quickly obtained a vessel, repaired it, outfitted it, and made up a crew of eighteen persons. Then one day they pushed it out over the reef, hoisted the sails, and pointed the nose toward an imaginary spot in the Pacific, 245 miles to the west.

Describing the construction of the vessel in which he was making the trip, Elder Grouard wrote:

The keel of one of these canoes consists of four or five pieces, each about three by four inches in size, sewn together with a cord braided from coconut husk. Pieces of plank are then fitted on either edge, varying in size according to the size of the tree from which it is taken. The two edges are then sewed together with the kind of cord mentioned, when another plank is fitted above, and so on till they rise to the required height. Some vessels consist of from fifty to one hundred pieces of plank, all sewed together in the manner stated, without a knee or timber in the whole vessel.

Two of these are then hooked together with cross sticks and a deck or floor laid between them. Not a nail or a piece of iron is used in their construction. They vary in length from 30 to 40 feet and are generally rigged in schooner style.

About two-thirds of the distance between Anaa and Tahiti, and a little to the south, lies the small island of Mehitia.

Late one evening, after Elder Grouard and his crew had been on the sea for several days, they sighted this little island. Most of the men desired to put in for a rest before going on to Tahiti, and although Elder Grouard thought it unwise to stop, he yielded to the wishes of his friends and consented. Because it was so late in the day, they knew they would have to make good time if they reached the island before dark, so they started running under full sail, even though the wind was brisk. Minutes later a strong wind came up and carried away their foremast. Working desperately, they improvised a stumpmast in its place but had no more than hoisted a sail than the wind blew away their mainmast.

By this time it was nearly dark, and there was nothing they could do but continue to steer for the island and make the best headway possible with the one remaining im-

provised sail. By eight o'clock darkness had encompassed the party, and the wind was blowing a gale directly on shore. By now the vessel became completely unmanageable, and Elder Grouard and his crew were left to the mercy of the wind and the waves.

Through the darkness on the shore ahead of them they could see the surf running high, and the waves breaking on the rocks, throwing white foam far into the air. Helpless, the crew clung onto the vessel to keep from being thrown into the maddened waters. Then it happened. With a sickening crash, the waves carried the frail craft into the rocks, and three or four rollers pounded it almost to bits on the rocks. Natives from the island had seen the vessel approaching, and were on hand to lend every assistance. Although the vessel was almost a complete loss, no one was drowned or killed, and almost everything on board was saved.

ELDER GROUARD slept well that night but arose in the morning with a heavy heart. Here he was shipwrecked on a tiny, out-of-the-way island, which vessels seldom visited. Their own craft was useless, and there was no other boat on the island large enough in which one could venture out to sea.

What to do except build a new ship? Fortunately, nearly all of the natives in Elder Grouard's crew were experts in building crafts of the *pahi Paumotu* type. So immediately they asked for permission to cut timber for a new vessel. This was quickly given by the natives of the island, and within a week, a keel was laid for a new canoe.

While this activity was going on, Elder Grouard used what time he could to preach the gospel to the natives of the island, and soon converted and baptized two of them.

MORMON—PRAEDIKANTER

(Continued from page 628)

after arriving in Copenhagen in 1850 to open the mission in Scandinavia. The old man standing by the carpenter clutches a sheaf of tracts; he may be the second missionary, for the description speaks of two; both are probably "local brethren" who heard the restored gospel one day, were baptized the next, and on the third could as

Then after being on the island for two weeks, during which time he prayed daily that the Lord would send a vessel that way, he sighted a sail far out to sea. Eagerly he watched it, but he soon determined that the ship intended to bypass the island.

Why not row out and try to intercept the vessel? There was only a chance, but he decided to take it. So, quickly he borrowed a canoe and, accompanied by one of his friends, paddled with all possible speed through the waves out onto the open sea. For about five miles they paddled, keeping a hopeful eye on the approaching sail. It was a hard fight, but they won the race against time, and when the schooner approached they were in her path. To the men on the ship Elder Grouard signaled that he desired to come aboard. A rope ladder was lowered, and he clambered up the side of the boat, and sprang over the rail.

In response to his question, Elder Grouard learned from the French captain that Tahiti was the next stop and that he would be welcome to a passage. But, the Captain informed him, they could not possibly wait for him to return to shore for his belongings.

Another split-second decision was necessary—to go on to Tahiti without as much as an extra pair of socks, or stay on the island. He decided to go. In a few words he instructed his native friend to tell his crew to finish the *pahi* as quickly as possible, proceed to Tahiti, and he would meet them there.

Twenty-four hours later the missionary landed at the city of Papeete on Tahiti, without a penny in his pocket, and in possession of only the clothes he had on his back.

(To be continued)

likely as not be called as traveling elders, "every man to warn his neighbor."

Standing by the door and leaning against the wall, with hands behind her back, a bolder girl, perhaps the barefooted servant in the house, impresses you as comely—and skeptical; and through the door, in the other room, you see the wife

(Continued on following page)



"GOOD-BY TO MESSY WAYS," women are saying! They've discovered Silvo—the liquid polish designed specially for silver. They know how fast it is, how easily it gets into and out of the tiniest crevices, and how their silver glows with a glorious brilliance.

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"MORMON—PRAEDIKANTER"

(Continued from preceding page)
and mother of the household symbolically with little time for other worldly discussion while the baby in its cradle binds her to earthly cares.

Artist Christen Dalsgaard, you discover, who lived from 1824 to 1907, is not without honor in his own country, where he distinguished himself by painting the daily life of the countryside with a loving and sympathetic realism. "*Mormon-praedikanter*" was not his mature work, but at the time, in 1856, it was the most difficult composition he had attempted. You glance at Knud Søbørg's biography of Dalsgaard for a critical opinion and learn that he considers the painting "well built," "thoroughly thought through in composition," and its color work marked by the "pleasing and surprising authenticity and fullness and pure clarity" which characterized the painter's later productions. As itinerant artist, Dalsgaard executed several studies of the religious dissent which swept Denmark in his day; some of them have been called "too poetic," but the "Mormon painting," you learn, has the distinction of being the most natural and unspoiled.

Says the biography:

At the time the picture was painted, it was for the most part sectarians who attacked conventional Christianity and fanned the smouldering speculation whose flames were nourished through the long winter's and uncertain summer's pent-up existence in the northern home. In Norway it was

the Haugians . . . who at that time admonished the people to holiness. For our generation it was natural to put Mormons in the place of the *Indremissionærer* or evangelicals.²

And, in a note that sounds wry to Mormon ears, the biography continues:

We can rejoice in the thought that they [the Mormon elders] will hardly get the better of the old man who has carved his life's conviction from principles as straight and unbending as his oak stick. The poor blind girl, on the other hand, who with a kind of sensual pleasure is letting herself be drawn into a vacuum of fanaticism, would certainly find sister evangelists in the mentally affected we find among us today.²

You leave one man's interpretation and look again at those faces, and you reach your own conclusions. You carry them with you as you leave the museum, along with a fine photographic copy of the painting the director has given you. You leave feeling grateful to Christen Dalsgaard for having lighted this scene from what you feel is your own past, because faces and figures like these, in interiors like this, and in just this manner, did listen to "The Voice of Truth" that was more than a tract, and they came to the valleys to build the meetinghouses where today you can still see these faces and hear the names that go with them. Dalsgaard would surely recognize them.

¹Knud Søbørg, *Christen Dalsgaard og Hans Kunst* (Copenhagen, 1902), p. 24.
²Loc. cit.

COLUMBUS

(Continued from page 642)

He left the court, dazed and stunned with the realization that this was the end of six weary years of being bullied and insulted, of waiting, watching, hoping, and importuning. Six of the best years of his life were gone, wasted, never to return.

But man's extremity is the Lord's opportunity. On the very day Columbus left Santa Fe, just outside Granada, one Luis de Santangel, a Christian Jew, treasurer to King Ferdinand, sought out Queen Isabella and told her very bluntly—

he [Santangel] was astonished to see that her Highness, who had always shown

a resolute spirit in matters of great consequence, should lack it now for an enterprise of so little risk, yet which could prove of so great service to God . . . and if any other Prince should undertake what the Admiral offered to her, it would be a very great damage to her crown and a grave reproach to her.

Isabella decided then and there. She immediately dispatched a courier to intercept Columbus. The courier overtook him at Pinos—Puente, ten miles from Granada on the way to France.

Every American schoolboy knows the next phase of the Columbus saga. On August 3, 1492, under the command of the

(Continued on page 674)

THE IMPROVEMENT ERA

ARRANGE NOW FOR YOUR CAR'S WINTER PROTECTION

Your car needs good care.

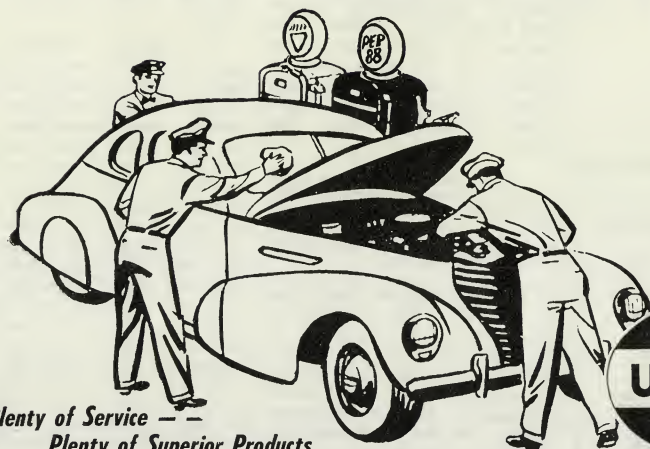
Arrange now for winter protection.

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COLUMBUS

(Continued from page 672)

admiral, now forty years old, the ships *Nina*, *Pinta*, and *Santa Maria* left Palos in Spain on what has been called the most fateful voyage in the history of the world. Now Columbus had to make use of the patient methods wrought upon him over the years by the Spirit of the Lord. Beginning with his rebellious captains down to his mutinous crew he had to promise, wheedle, and cajole them hour after hour on the dread and unknown path. On October 12, 1492, Columbus discovered the new world. In later times he describes a dream that came to him as portraying just how he felt, about his accomplishment—

Oh, fool [meaning himself] and slow to believe and serve thy God, the God of every man! What more did he do for Moses, or for David his servant than for thee? *From thy birth he has ever held thee in special charge.* Marvelously did he cause thy name to resound over the earth! . . . Fear not, but have trust; all these tribulations are written on tables of marble, and not without cause. He adds, "I heard all this as in a swoon, but I had no answer to give in definite words, only to weep for my transgressions." (Compare this to the Word of the Lord to Joseph Smith at Liberty Jail, sec. 122, Doctrine and Covenants.)

On January 16, 1493, Columbus began the voyage back. At the Azores, he and his men went ashore to give thanks to God for their safe return. As they were kneeling in prayer before the church altar, the Portuguese inhabitants of the island took them all prisoners. In later years Washington Irving describes this event—

. . . such was the first reception of the Admiral on his return to the Old World, an earnest of the crosses and troubles with which he was to be requited through life, for one of the greatest benefits conferred upon his fellow beings.

Columbus entered Seville on Palm Sunday, March 31, 1493, and celebrated Easter Week at the great cathedral. On Easter Sunday, 1493, the cup of joy of the forty-one year old Italian foreigner was filled to overflowing when a joint letter of thanksgiving and praise arrived from the king and queen in Barcelona. It bore the address: "Don Cristobal

Colon, their Admiral of the Ocean Sea, Viceroy and Governor of the Islands that he hath discovered in the Indies."

When Columbus approached Barcelona about April 15, all the court and city came out to meet him. As he approached the king and queen, they arose and asked him to be seated by them. This was the high tide of his fortunes. Never again in this life would he receive such honors from men. Las Casas says of him at this time—

He seemed very grateful to God for benefits received from the divine hand; hated blasphemy and profane swearing.

He was a gentleman of great force of spirit, of lofty thoughts naturally inclined . . . to undertake worthy deeds and signal enterprises; patient and long suffering, and a forgiver of injuries; most constant and endowed with forbearance in the hardships and diversities which were always occurring and which were incredible and infinite; ever holding great confidence in divine providence.

In all, Columbus made four voyages to the New World. On the third his enemies arrested him and brought him back in chains to Seville. It was from his Seville prison he wrote in October 1500—

In seven years, I by the divine will, made the conquest (of those discovered lands). At a time when I was entitled to expect rewards and retirement, I was incontinently arrested and sent loaded with chains. . . .

On November 7, 1504, at the age of fifty-two, he arrived at Seville from his fourth and last voyage. Within the month the crushing news reached him that his benefactress, Queen Isabella, had died. Immediately his pension stopped. He rented a room above a stable at Valladolid where the royal court was in residence. To help the time pass while he was pleading for his rights, he cut a hole in the floor of his room so he could watch his mule stabled below. Racked with the pains of arthritis, he humbly ventured to compare his own sufferings with those of the Savior. On May 20, 1506, in his poor room he died at the age of fifty-four, with the words of the Master on his lips—

Father, into thy hands I commend my Spirit.

THE IMPROVEMENT ERA

THE JERUSALEM SCROLLS

(Continued from page 637)

sible to do suitable photographic work. Electricians worked at the power lines, and by the appointed time next day the lights flashed on to stay. In the meantime, Drs. Trever and Brownlee made a study of the script of the Isaiah scroll and were satisfied that it was as old as, or older than that of the Nash Papyrus, which is dated about 100 B.C. It seemed incredible to these young men that they were dealing with a manuscript of a considerable part of the Old Testament older by a thousand years than any other of comparable size.

AFTER the Metropolitan and Father Sowmy had arrived with the scrolls, it was necessary to do much repair work on the first thirteen columns of the Isaiah manuscript before it could be photographed. The Isaiah scroll contains fifty-four columns in all; it is twenty-three and three-quarters feet long, and is made up of parchment sheets sewn together. Another of the scrolls has been identified as a commentary on the book of Habakkuk. This and the Isaiah scroll were all that Drs. Trever and Brownlee could repair and photograph before the Syrians found it necessary to go home at 4:15 that afternoon. However, they left two of the other three scrolls and a small fragment with the young scholars. These scrolls were repaired and found to fit together so as to make a complete scroll of eleven columns. This has since been known as the Sectarian Document. The manuscript was found to be very dry, brittle, and tightly rolled, making the business of repair very difficult. The Sectarian Document and the fragment were carefully photographed.

The fourth scroll was found to be in such bad condition that Dr. Trever could only photograph it without making any attempt to unroll it. As of the present writing I am not informed as to the nature of the contents of this parchment.

As soon as Dr. Trever could make prints from several negatives, he sent them off to Dr. Albright, the famous American expert, for his opinions concerning the find. On receiving them, Dr. Albright made an examination of the script and sent congratulations on "the great-

est manuscript discovery of modern times." He advised that the script of the scrolls was more archaic than that of the Nash Papyrus and that there could be not the slightest doubt about the genuineness of the manuscript.

Happily, all of the Syrian-owned scrolls have been taken out of war-torn Palestine and will be studied at the convenience of Dr. Millar Burrows, Drs. Trever and Brownlee, and others. Preliminary reports have been made on some matters by Drs. Burrows, Trever, and Brownlee. These we shall discuss presently.

THREE of the six Hebrew University scrolls have been found to belong to a single document, "The Scroll of Thanksgiving Songs." Another is called by Professor Sukenik "The Scroll of the War of the Children of Light with the Children of Darkness." I am as yet not prepared to speak of the nature of the others, though a newspaper report mentions a book of hymns similar to the Biblical psalms, a text of the Book of Isaiah, and some apocryphal books never known in Hebrew, but only in Greek translation.

Dr. W. H. Brownlee has given a preliminary translation of the Habakkuk scroll in the *Bulletin of the American Schools of Oriental Research* for December 1948. Rather than attempt to describe this commentary I shall give an illustration of how it handles Habakkuk 1:12, 13. This material is found in Column 5 of the manuscript:

For judgment, thou hast appointed him;
O Rock, for his chastising hast thou ordained him,
Too pure of eyes art thou to look upon evil;
And to countenance wrong-doing thou art unable.
(1:12.)

The meaning of the passage is that God will not destroy His people by the hand of the nations; but by the hand of His elect. God will give the judgment of all the nations; and in their chastisement shall suffer all the wicked from among his people who keep his commandments in the time of their distress; for he of whom it speaks is "too pure of eyes to look upon evil." The meaning of this is that they do not last after their eyes to the doom of wickedness.

Why do ye countenance the treacherous and keep silence

(Continued on following page)

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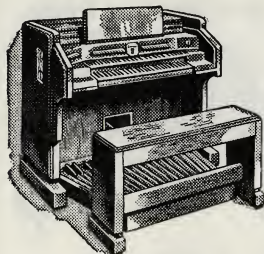
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THE JERUSALEM SCROLLS

(Continued from preceding page)
While the wicked doth swallow one more righteous than himself? (1:13.)

Its meaning concerns the house of Absalom⁷ and the men of their counsel who were silent at the reproof of the Teacher of Righteousness and did not help him against the Man of the Lie, who rejected the Law among all peoples.

My own inspection of Dr. Brownlee's translation convinces me that the Habakkuk commentary is very fanciful and the work of an uninspired man or men; nevertheless, it will prove of value in numerous ways to Bible scholars and historians.

The Habakkuk document has the most beautifully preserved writing of all the scrolls in the hands of the Syrians. The damage done to it, which is considerable, has been mostly the result of worms rather than its extreme age. The document as of now has a length of about sixty inches and may have been sixty-seven inches in its original state. It is estimated that its original height was seven inches. Dr. Trever reports that the scroll is made of a beautiful deep golden brown leather, rough and soft on the back side. The document is composed of two sheets sewn together, the thread still being in good condition. The scribe seems to have laid out horizontal lines to guide his writing and vertical lines to indicate the width of each column. The lines can easily be seen and were evidently made with a dull tool of some kind. The scribal handwriting is

⁷"According to Dr. Brownlee this is a cryptic reference. He adds: "The commentator does not give us the real name of a rebel leader. He refers to a party which lived up to the name of Absalom who rebelled against his own father."

different from that on the Isaiah scroll or the "Sectarian Document."

The Sectarian Document is thought to be a manual of discipline of some Judaistic group. Conjecture has been that it came from the Essenes. The document refers to the sons of Aaron, the Levites, the whole people of Israel, and the total group is assumed to be a numerous one.

WHEN the discovery of the Jerusalem scrolls was first announced, I was overjoyed at the prospect that the Isaiah document might verify many of the readings of the text of Isaiah in the Book of Mormon. Nevertheless, I told my colleagues at Brigham Young University that my fingers were crossed—only if the document had come from a period antedating the time of Alexander the Great would there be a very good chance that the original text of Isaiah would be found fairly intact. My fears were well founded, because when Dr. Burrows made his preliminary report on the text of Isaiah he stated that the text of Isaiah agrees with the present Hebrew text of Isaiah to a remarkable degree. But every student of the Book of Mormon will be interested in observing that the document points to fundamental omissions in the original text made a long time prior to the coming of Christ. In other words, many "plain and precious things" were deleted or lost from the text of Isaiah even before the time of Christ. (1 Nephi 13:28-29.) This conclusion is based on the assumption that scholars have dated the scroll correctly. In the light of present research there is no good reason to doubt their findings.

The Jerusalem scrolls when published will go far towards helping scholars to understand the history of Judaism in the period between the Old and New Testaments as well as aiding in the study of the text of the Old Testament. Doubtless many conclusions held by learned men at the present time relative to the Bible will go by the board and new ones will be established. The finding of the scrolls gives us reason for believing that other Biblical manuscripts will yet be unearthed in the Near East and add to our resources for understanding the scriptures.

PLOW IN THE SUNSET

By Conrad Pendleton

Its long day labor done,

The plow without a team
Stands epic, strange and bright

Against the evening sun,
And like the passion of his toil

That nurtures seeding dream,
The fertile breaths from broken soil

Pulse down the wind
Across his mind . . .

Day ashens into night:
Again the plow becomes the land's—
A common sword for peaceful hands.

Glamour-Puss

(Continued from page 630)

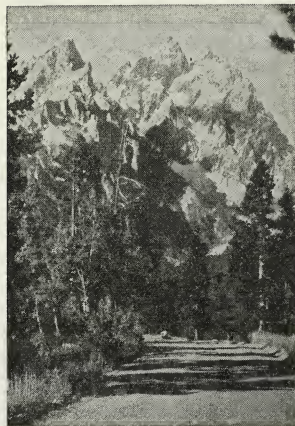
and Jean waited for the fireworks. But . . . surprise! There were none. Stel only looked at him and smiled a little self-consciously. That settled it. She was even willing to overcome her nasty disposition for the boy. Funny, what? Suddenly Jean felt tired; she wanted to turn and run all the way back to town, until she dropped exhausted, too worn-out to feel this dull weight in the pit of her stomach. She supposed it should be in her heart; maybe her anatomy was twisted.

Anyway, she increased her speed on the climb and started to sing. Someone ahead of her cried, "Yeah, Jean," and joined in. Soon practically everyone was singing. Everyone, that is, except Stel and Howdy who had dropped behind. Jean granted herself the misery of just one look backward. She saw them standing close to one another. Stel was looking up into his eyes. He looked like a man afraid of water, about to dive in. There was no question about it, he was going to kiss Stel. Jean turned her head swiftly and from a somewhat tight throat managed a soft, "Phoo."

The U had been painted, the crowd had joined hands to do a snake dance as they sang the school song, loudly and lustily, "I'm a right good fellow—I'm from Umutello—Good old Umutello High . . ."

Jean's voice was loud and a little shrill. When the dance was ended,

(Continued on following page)



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GLAMOUR-PUSS

(Continued from preceding page)
the crowd grouped around the fire and someone said, "Give us a song, Jean."

Howdy cried, "Sure, keed. Give."

He gave her a gentle shove, and she was in front of the crowd. She was past feeling self-conscious. She gagged, "Well, slap down my ears and call me corny. What'll it be?"

"Give us 'Deep in the Heart of Texas,'" someone called, and Howdy drawled, "Or don't you-all know thet-a-one?"

"Sure does, Mister Howdy man. How 'bout giving me a note on that harmonica I seen you totin'?"

There were loud cheers from the crowd until Howdy, his head bent in mock embarrassment, kicked clumsily at the ground a moment, then joined her. He was so cute as he wrapped his one long leg around the other that it hurt her almost unbearably. Yet, she was happy, for they were together; they were giving—just as they had been the

other night as Daisy Mae and Lil' Abner.

No one could send on a harmonica like he could, and her voice wasn't bad tonight. Not bad at all. They wound up singing, "Doctor, Lawyer, Indian Chief," and doing some sort of Indian war dance. The whole crowd joined in except Stel, who stood aloof like a spoiled child who has just been deprived the center of the stage.

Suddenly, everyone began clamoring for steaks. As Howdy sharpened a long, forked stick he said to Jean, "Don't forget, I like mine well done."

She simply couldn't resist saying, "Maybe you'd better tell Stel that."

He missed the sarcasm and answered, "Can you imagine her spoiling those lovely hands over a camp-fire?"

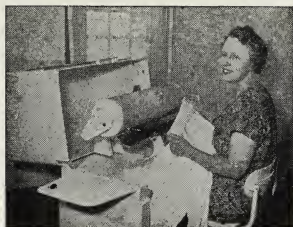
However, Stel had heard the remark and reached over for a stick saying, testily, "I can manage quite all right, thank you."

She moved away from them and began searing a steak over the fire. A wit on the other side was saying, "I've roped and tied a steer deader than this one." Everyone laughed. Then something happened; no one seemed to know quite what it was. They heard Stel scream; they saw a small blaze moving up the arm of her sweater. Jean was beside her before anyone else could get there. She had seized the sports coat from Stel's shoulders, doubled it and was pressing its smothering weight against the other girl's arm, fighting to hold her as she did so.

Stel wasn't burned; the flame had caught on the brushed wool; but the heavy knitting beneath had protected her arm. However, she was sobbing against Howdy's shoulder, and the crowd was standing about solicitous and attentive. All of a sudden her sobs died down, and she picked up her coat, crying angrily, "Look at that coat. It's burned; it's ruined. It won't ever be right again."

Jean turned away, tears smarting her eyes. She walked over to a tree and leaned against it as she took a handkerchief from her pocket and wrapped around two of her fingers that had gotten too close to the fire. She heard Howdy say, "Your arm

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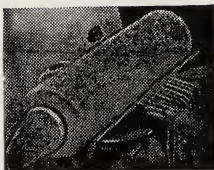
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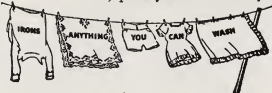
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might never have been all right . . . if . . ."

She didn't listen to any more. After all, she knew when she was licked. As her mother would say, she was young yet; some other nice boy would come along . . . oh, sure. Come along and pass her up. She knew the routine. She might as well take up the big sister act now as later. . . .

She heard footsteps and pretended to be absorbed in watching something on the ground. Howdy's voice startled her. He had seen the handkerchief, was saying, "Jeeps, you're hurt. Let me look at it."

"It's nothing, really," she assured him, "Just the ends of two fingers." But he was removing the handkerchief, murmuring, "Why, they're burnt. . . ." He was holding the palm of her hand in his two gentle ones. She felt she could stand any amount of pain if he would just go on holding it like that.

"Here we are without a thing to do for it," he said, with concern. After a second or two, he murmured, "They used to tell us this would cure anything." Very carefully, very gently, he kissed the end of each of her fingers while the tears welled again to her eyes. Why, she asked herself, must he do such things? Why must he make her care so much when it didn't mean a thing to him?

Some of the other kids had noticed and were coming closer. But she didn't want any pity. She cried, "Eat your steak. Tomorrow it may be hamburger."

As the party was breaking up, Stel came over to Jean. She didn't look quite so glamorous now with smoke and tears smeared on her face, her hair disheveled. She said evenly, "Thanks, Jean, for what you did. I guess you have reward enough. Anyway, I'd give a lot to have what you have. And I don't just mean Howdy. You're swell."

Howdy joined them, and Stel turned quickly to join a departing group.

Before they realized it, everyone had left. With Howdy so near to her, she felt as scared as a new colt. She couldn't think of a thing to say, and apparently neither could he, for he professed deep interest in the zipper of his jacket. But when she started to move from him, it zipped

up in nothing flat, and his hand reached out detainingly. He said, "Jean, I want to explain about staying back with Stel tonight. I feel like a heel—."

He was ashamed. That was all. He was sorry because she had been hurt. But he needn't be. She still didn't want any pity, thank you. She said, flippantly, "Oh, yes, and how've YOU been. Forget it."

"Shush," he told her. "I'm talking. I wanted to tell you that I could have kissed her, she would have let me, but suddenly I didn't

want to. You know, Jean, a guy couldn't ever get chummy with a gal like her. There he'd be—stuck with a glamour-puss."

She couldn't help laughing, hearing her own descriptive phrase coming from his lips. After a moment, she asked, flippantly, "Are you kidding?"

"Listen, you," he growled, taking her by the shoulders, "I was just going to ask you to the prom. Haven't you any sense of timing?"

"Sure have, mister, she whispered.

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(Continued from page 623)

group. They are not told all over the neighborhood. No wonder such families feel mental, moral, and spiritual security in their home. One strong-minded young Gleaner girl recently said, "At last my brother and I have learned to disagree agreeably. Happy day!"

FAMILY LIFE FORMS CHARACTER

Good mothers are conscious that parents should "Train up a child in the way he should go." (Prov. 22:6.) Family life largely forms the character of the children. Good character is essential for success in all phases of life. By precept and example (merely telling is not teaching) you may teach your best lessons. The actual working out of experiments in the home with brothers and sisters will help your daughter to develop the qualities of sterling character. Making it a point to have family discussions, experiments, and decisions will show her that in disciplining your family, you are not just making a show of your authority—you are using all means at hand to arrive at wise decisions.

In her schoolroom your daughter is accustomed to modern educational methods which include analysis, explanation, reasoning. The wise mother doesn't give commands and expect immediate, blind obedience. She is never an autocrat, she too analyzes, explains, reasons, and persuades. There are times, however, when there is not time to wait for reasoning, and then mother's admonition or request should be heeded simply because she is mother. I heard a good illustration of this recently. A little four-year-old girl I know is very alert. She is an only child and has always lived in a house with her father, mother, and two grandparents. Of necessity she has heard much adult talk and reasoning and

APRON STRINGS

often has been talked to in adult language. Her mother has been careful to explain and reason with her. But this day an emergency arose, and the mother made a request of the little girl and added, "Do it quickly." The four-year-old said, "But, Mother, you haven't told me why." Quickly the mother sensed the need and with some force said, "Janet, you are my little girl; I am your mother. Don't you remember that Heavenly Father said children should obey their mothers. Now, do as I asked you." The child obeyed.

The obedient child is the happy child. Children who are allowed to have their own way become spoiled for future usefulness. Cruel injustice is rendered the child reared without learning obedience to those placed over them.

FUTURE RESPONSIBILITIES

Proper relationships in the home, in society, in church, and in business are essential in coping successfully with everyday problems. For your daughter to acquire the ability to meet today's problems successfully points toward her power to shoulder tomorrow's responsibilities. Proper attitudes, a strong sense of values now, commensurate with her age, speak well for future preparedness. The community, the church, the nation are no stronger than the homes of its people. If parent-child relationships are right, all other relationships come as a matter of course. To have one's own needs and rights respected is the surest way to learn respect for the needs and rights of others. It is very helpful for your daughter to learn the rules of good social conduct in her own home. It would be calamitous to be a social misfit.

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PASSERBY

By Edgar C. Campbell

GOODBYE! A nod, a merry smile
And you have passed me by;
Though I may never see you more,
Your spirit hovers nigh.

Farewell! Too bad you had to pass
With just a touch of cheer,

I might have been your faithful friend
If you had tarried here.

Adieu! On souls more fortunate
Let flash your genial light;
Good luck, gay stranger, many thanks,
You made me glad tonight.

(Continued from preceding page)

to be what she wishes her daughter to become. Ideals are built day by day, the self this girl will one day be was a t born with her; she is making it every day she lives. Sad to say, some mothers are actual stumbling blocks to their daughters; by careless conduct they retard and adversely affect the girl's development toward the best in life. Your daughter will in large measure reflect your home. There are exceptions, but in the main this is true.

FAMILY PLEASURES

Let's have loads of fun in our family, Mother. This girl of yours will instinctively prefer the people with whom she has fun. You've heard her say, "She—or he—is such fun." Mother and daughter fun has a deep rich quality all its own. It's sort of like two generations merging into a oneness. Good fun is not dated, though some of the things we do for fun definitely are. Every generation retains some of the old techniques as well as having their own new fun-things to do. Be enthusiastic about the things she calls fun.

A good laugh, pleasing repartee, the happy mingling together of people does truly re-create us and help us realize we must not take ourselves too seriously if we are to keep a perfect balance. Compare a wholesome happy vivacious woman with a sober, serious, "sourpuss." How dull and stifling and stinting it would be to live around the latter. One mother says when things get a bit heavy and there are signs of "nerves" its time to have a party. Maybe a very simple one but a party. It may be a canyon trip, a party on the beach, in the park or in your own back yard.

The great out-of-doors is constantly inviting us to enjoy its beauties and partake of its healing power. It's fun to pack a lunch and hie away to a mountain spot, to fish in a quiet pool near the bend of the road and listen to friends and loved ones as they spread the table in the grove nearby, or to sit around a bonfire with the family and watch the flames rise and fade until only a few red embers remain. Confidences come easily at a time like this, and the family seems closer and more dear than before. If you

(Continued on following page)

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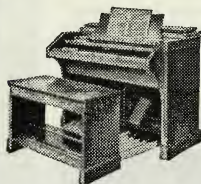
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Apron Strings

(Continued from preceding page)

want a thrill, stand with your daughter in a grove of tall rees and watch the last lingering rays of sunlight fade from the tall branches and leaves. Your hearts will be stirred as you listen to the breeze play about as you walk quietly on the thick carpet of needle-fall. "Cathedral of the pines" seems a fitting name for this place of peace, and your mind and heart instinctively give reverence as your soul is filled with gratitude and thanksgiving.

Then there are dozens of other things the family can do just for the fun of it. Daughter and her friends can run the gamut of fun things, from a "slumberless" party, with no one else allowed, to a snowball fight, if and when snow is available. Let's have fun.

Mothers, of all people, should have a keen sense of humor. It can save the day. To see the humor of a situation can turn tension and irritation among the family into smooth, easy living. Dinner time is ideal for catching up on the stories, jokes, witticisms the family have encountered during the day. They aid digestion also 'tis said. "I heard a story" or "that reminds me" always catches instant attention. Father may be renowned as a storyteller, and brother is improving. For instance, at the dinner table in one of our fine homes recently the twenty-year-old daughter was looking very glum. Noticing it, her brother said, "Sis, when you're down in the mouth, remember Jonah; he came out all right."

The fun side of living, good clean wit and humor, are most enjoyable, and all the family may join in, even the tiny ones may make real contributions. Do you know of anything that so shrinks the stature of a person as the telling of an unwholesome story? Also, wit with an edge ceases to be funny; it is cruel and hurts those at whom it is aimed. There is no place for that in your family, is there, Mother? Shall we see to it that a bright, clean, happy vein runs through our mountain of living. "A merry heart doeth good like a medicine. . . ." (Prov. 17:22.)

(To Be Concluded)

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12 Issues

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PROBLEMS OF THE YOUTH OF THE CHURCH

(Continued from page 633)

little bit young to be much concerned with this problem, but it seems to me that a girl's conduct and her standards in dress and her modesty have a lot to do with the way she gets along later in life.

Hardy: Sharon, you're making a point that wise teachers have given us for many years: we have the power more than we realize at a given moment to determine the course we take. So often when we say we are a victim of circumstances, what we should say is that we're the victim of some unwise thinking and some unwise actions on our own part.

Collinson: If young people would just look ahead a few years to the time when they are choosing their companions, to the time when they'll be planning a home and the rearing of a family, if they could just realize while they're yet young the importance of moral purity, I'm sure not one of them would do anything to mar his life in any way that would make him unworthy as a companion. In the years to come, if the husband and wife have kept themselves morally clean, how great shall be their joy, for their life will not be one of remorse and regret, but there will come to them an inner peace and a contentment that those who failed to do this little realize.

Hardy: I hope there isn't a young person in this Church who will fail to catch the wisdom of moral cleanness. I hope there isn't a boy or a girl who hasn't learned that if they'll conserve their life resources while they're young, they will have a rich and beautiful maturity. If they will be loyal, the companion that they one day will choose to be with, in our Church, not until death do them part, but for time and for all eternity, they will understand why God has placed such a heavy responsibility for the clean life on young men and women. I was taught to avoid temptation, and I was told that I would know temptation because it would be ugly and repulsive. My brothers and sisters, if my experience is worth anything to you, may I counsel with you that temptation, when it comes into your life, will come

not in rags, but in riches? It will come not in abject ugliness, but like all things that are counterfeit, it will look as near like the real thing as Satan can make it. Why is it that we should love this Church and stay close to it? Because there isn't one of us, no, not one, who has the wisdom of himself to know at each juncture of life what is good and what is false. I have here in my wallet two dollar bills. One of them is an interesting dollar bill. This one was printed back in Wash-

ington at the treasury, in the mint. This one, shall we say for the sake of discussion, was printed in somebody's basement. Now let's put this question of temptation up squarely. If a man wants to give you a bad dollar bill, does he come up like this and say: "How do you do, friend, I have here two dollar bills; look pretty nice, don't they? This is a real one; this one is just about as good as real. Of course, if you'll look closely you'll see the

(Continued on following page)

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The advertisement features a loaf of Royal Table Queen Bread at the top right. A banner above it reads "More Food Energy". Below the bread, a text block describes its nutritional benefits. At the bottom, a black and white photograph shows a woman in an apron standing between a young girl and a young boy, who are both holding large loaves of bread. Decorative dots are scattered around the bread and the family photo.

PROBLEMS OF THE YOUTH OF THE CHURCH

(Continued from preceding page)
print has run down here in the corner, and the word is misspelled up here, but they look almost the same. Which one would you like to take?" Temptations or counterfeits hardly ever come up and give you a complete story like that. The man who would deceive you walks up while you're not looking, and without even pointing out what he has given you, he hands you a false bill, and you walk away if you are not wise, only to find in your hand something that will turn to ashes—something that has no value. My brothers and sisters, young men and young women of this Church, you cannot afford to be without the companionship of the Holy Ghost. You need to know every temptation that comes to you. You need to be able to say with the power of the Lord, "Get thee behind me, Satan," and know in which direction you're moving. Now, we'll turn to our Gleaner Girls.

Beverly: I'd like to know how a girl my age can live in the world and yet not partake of the sins of the world. There are so many exciting activities going on all the time, and we want to join right in with the crowd and have just loads of fun. We want to have a wide and diversified group of friends, and we want to be full of life and happy. Do you believe, Brother Hardy, that if we stay close to the Church and try to live the kind of life that Jesus wants us to live, that we'll still be attractive and sought after?

Hardy: There are a lot of girls who ask that same question: if I live all the standards of the Church, will I be just as attractive to other people as I would be if I didn't have to hold on to those standards? Sister Stout, back in Washington I'm sure you've answered that question for a lot of girls. What do you say about it?

Stout: I surely have. I agree that this question that Beverly has brought up is one of the most trying that faces our young people today. I'm thinking of a particular case back in Washington of a young high school girl who wanted to join the high school sorority, and she did that. And while I think I am quite well aware of what's going on

in the world, I was shocked at some of the things she told me that go on in her sorority. I think with the exception of herself all of the girls smoke and drink. That's the kind of refreshment that they have in their sorority parties. Then they have parties with the high school fraternities, and it is the same thing all over again. Now this girl's pitfall, and it may be a pitfall, I hope it won't be, is that she has "fallen," shall we say, for one of these boys in the fraternity who is a very worldly young man, to say the least. He's very handsome; he has a nice personality, but he doesn't have the standards and ideals that this fine girl has. Now

AUTUMN SONG

By Grace Stillman Minck

THESE are the days for dreaming, amber long
And mellow with remembering, with song
Of many an hour, a moment; these are days
When introspective beauty comes and sways
The listening heart to touch on thoughts of youth
It had forgotten and to harbor truth
For any wintry time tomorrows may
Thread for acceptance. Be thou wise, heart, lay
Autumn lengths, that breathe a witchery,
Heart-spun, upon thy spirit's tapestry.

she wants to impress him. She wants to be the kind of girl who will attract him, and that's where the danger lies. Suppose she should change her standards to fit this young man's? Not only will she lose sight of the Church and things that are important to her, but she's also going to lose that young man's respect, and she will have lost all the way around. I have counseled her at length on that subject and so have her parents, who are very much concerned about her. The thing we should do is to get her back with the young people of the Church if we possibly can.

Hardy: Brother Collinson, I'm going to turn right to you and ask you if you'd be a brave man and say what real qualities our young men

seek for in the girl of their choice.

Collinson: I believe that a young man who has a desire to do right, one who loves the gospel of Jesus Christ, one who honors and magnifies his calling in the priesthood, and is striving to keep himself unspotted from the world, I believe that when he seeks to find a companion, he'll choose one that has the same high ideals that he has. I know that in the world generally it seems that physical beauty is the greatest attraction. However, I do not believe that is true. I believe that a young man who has kept himself clean and in good standing in the Church will look for that spiritual beauty that is possessed only by those who are clean and pure. Understanding the true purpose of life, I am sure that he will search for a young woman who will make a good helpmate for him throughout life, one who'll make a worthy mother and one whom he can love and cherish and have throughout all eternities to come. I believe that's what a clean young man will be searching for.

Hardy: Beverly, when you asked this question, "Can a Latter-day Saint girl do all of these things and yet not be part of the world?" I know that you're aware of where that question came from. Just before our Savior was crucified, he went into the garden, and there knelt and offered what I suppose is the greatest prayer that will ever be offered. One of the things he said in that prayer should burn deep in the heart of every Latter-day Saint. The Lord was praying for those who took his name and followed him, and we are in that position. He said:

I pray not that thou shouldest take them out of the world, but that thou shouldest keep them from the evil.

They are not of the world, even as I am not of the world.

Sanctify them through thy truth: thy word is truth. (John 17:15-17.)

Beverly, there isn't anything that is beautiful, that is sweet, that is attractive about a girl, that can't fit comfortably within the standards of the gospel of Jesus Christ. No girl who is thinking straight needs to have any question about that, for when her standards take the

(Continued on following page)

guide, all other compromises fall by the wayside.

Collinson: I am concerned with our failure, as Latter-day Saints, to live up to all that we know to be just and true. There are far too many times that we find individuals who profess to believe in certain ideals, and then turn right around and act as if they didn't have any standards at all. And with this tendency, there is generally a very critical attitude expressed toward the Church and its leaders.

Hardy: Doesn't that indicate something very wrong in our fundamental thinking? Important as it is that we get knowledge, that we get truth, isn't it vastly more important that we learn how to apply that truth in our lives? For all the book learning, as the expression goes, that we can heap upon ourselves won't accomplish a thing unless with all our getting we get understanding. We need to apply the truths we learn; otherwise they'll be of no value to us. You know it's surprising how early in life we develop these habits of inconsistency. David, do the Scouts have trouble that way?

David: When the scoutmaster's back is turned there is always one boy who'll pull out a flipper or a squirt gun, and just as long as he doesn't get caught, he thinks it's all right.

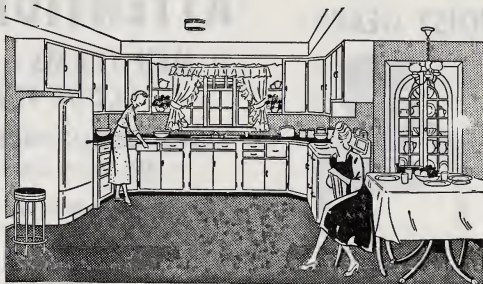
Sharon: What David says is also true among the people my age. Too often boys and girls will do or say things when they are alone that they wouldn't even dream of doing or saying if they were with other people.

Beverly: A while ago, when we were discussing Reed's problem about fellows staying away from the Church when they got into bad habits, I thought that the real need was for us to teach them how to repent. They are still sort of lost, and they want to come back, most of them. They want to gain their self-respect and confidence and have their old friends.

The Lord has given us in the Church as one of four cardinal principles of the gospel of Jesus Christ this principle of repentance. And I hope that I won't be guilty of over-simplification if I outline four fundamental steps that young people need to know to understand

(Concluded on following page)

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Problems of the Youth of the Church

(Concluded from preceding page)

and apply the principle of repentance. First: A person must recognize that he has done wrong—and that isn't always easy. We must know right to perceive wrong. Second, a person having done wrong must feel sorrow for it. And again that isn't easy. Many of us do wrong things every day and have no remorse or no sorrowful feeling. Third, trying to make right the wrong that you've done. Have you ever had to go to another person that you've injured sorely? Have you experienced the futility of trying to make right what you've done wrong? If you've tried that, you know that repentance calls for the finest we have in us, calls for a refinement of our spirits, and a deep humility, and a deep sense of gratitude to God for the capacity and the power to achieve this. I hope no young person will say Brother Hardy told of a way to commit sin and get out of it easily.

And the fourth, and on this the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints stands four-square: true repentance means turning away from the things that you've done wrong and never again doing them. Are they clear? Acknowledging a wrong; feeling sorry for it; trying to make right the thing you've done wrong; and altogether forsaking that thing that you've done wrong.

Reed: When a fellow's done wrong, to whom can he go to get his thinking and actions put straight?

Hardy: This Church is filled with women who love the girls and boys of the Church, and men who love God and love the souls of his children. There isn't one of them who wouldn't be willing to try in a practical way to help set your thinking straight. But be cautious about whom you choose to confide in. You young men, honor your priesthood and Y.M.M.I.A. leadership, and you young women, honor your Y.W.M.I.A. leaders, those who are placed in authority over you, for God has chosen them, and they have power to help you with your problems.

This Month With CHURCH PUBLICATIONS

The Instructor . . .

THE INSTRUCTOR for October highlights has continued, as the magazine has included throughout this Sunday School centennial year, the beginnings of Sunday Schools in the various sections of the Church, as well as retelling the over-all picture of the growth of the Sunday School movement.

Elder Wallace G. Bennett, former secretary of the European Mission and recently returned from that mission, writes of the Sunday School in Northern Narvik and of the Norwegian Saints who claim to have the most northern L. D. S. Sabbath school. Elder Bennett also begins a series of three articles on the Sunday schools in Eastern Europe—devoting this first article to the East German Mission whose members live mostly in the Russian zone of Germany. It is well worth reading and pondering.

The Children's Friend . . .

WHAT children will not find the October issue of *The Children's Friend* as breezy as the autumn winds that skitter the leaves in the Indian summer of the year? The Magic Circle by William L. Woodall is one of the features that will please, as also will My Magic Engine by Jean Jarvis Berbert, Flash Flood by Faith Y. Knoop, The Children and the Pie Shop by Solveig P. Russell, The Little Leaf that Waited by Mary Elizabeth Dunn, Scamper by Willard Luce, and many other features, including the serial, *The Ghost of Last Chance* by Dorothy Clapp Robinson.

The Relief Society Magazine . . .

ONE article that deserves special commendation—even though it is hard to make such a statement—is Adoption of Children by Mary L. Dillman. This is so important an action that people need to be informed about it. Other features that will prove of worth deal with the home and handwork to improve the home. Such capable writers as Christine H. Robinson, Christine Easton, Gladys I. Hamilton, Margery S. Stewart, Mary Grant Judd, Rachel K. Laurgaard, Nellie O. Parker, all have contributions to make. The poetry for the October issue of the magazine also includes well-known names, such as Eva Willes Wangsgaard, Christie Lund Coles, Grace Sayre, Iris W. Schow, Dorothy J. Roberts, Lael W. Hill, and others.

OCTOBER 1949

KNIGHT OF THE KINGDOM

Story of Richard Ballantyne

by Conway B. Sonne

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Your Page AND OURS

Dear Editors:

Just a word of appreciation for the ERA. Here at last was what I had been searching for, and the ERA was the door which opened a new world for religious truth to me. It had a great influence in bringing me into the Latter-day Saint Church, and so I say again "thank you for THE IMPROVEMENT ERA."

Gratefully,
(Mrs.) Margaret Webster

—Scottsbluff Star-Herald
Ann Arbor, Michigan
May 1, 1949

Dear Editors:

... I have followed the recent article, "Baptism for the Dead in Ancient Times." I am continually amazed at the information that we can obtain from THE IMPROVEMENT ERA. It will always be a consulting library in our home.

Sincerely,
Cyrus J. Webber, Jr.

COOPERATION IN TACOMA CENTRAL WARD

Cooperation is meaning something new to the members of the Tacoma Central Ward—cooperation in putting bricks and lumber and steel together for a new chapel. Many of the ward members have given their days off in the effort.

Construction was begun July 6, 1948, with donated labor performing most of the excavation, rough carpenter work, and rock lathing for the plaster.

The steeple was built on the ground by the help of many hands of donated labor from members and from non-members who caught the spirit of cooperation for something fine, and raised into place by a truck crane.

The volunteer workers pictured are: Bishop F. H. Harris, B. E. Anderson, representative of the Architects and Construction supervisor, and L. C. Seol, financial chairman and assistant construction supervisor, (the three on the right); others are: Marian Harris, Evelyn Nichols, Geraldine Haney, Viola Christiansen, Meril Haney, Verne Johnson, Arthur Septon, Miles Merrill, Franklin Seol, Dick Johnson, Ross Anderson, Keith Barber, Jack Vandervort, Wallace Johnson, Don O'Brien, Dorothy Hillhouse, Captain Ernest Hillhouse, and John Johnson.

—Photograph by Richards



Nutrios, Arizona

ADDRESSES OF L.D.S. SERVICEMEN'S HOMES

1104 24th St., Cor. 24th & "C," San Diego, Calif.
615 "F" St., Marysville, Calif.
1594 So. Beretania St., Honolulu, T.H.

The Teacher

AN ancient king decided to honor the one adjudged greatest of his subjects. One was praised because of his wealth and property. Another was lauded for his knowledge of law; another for his power of healing the sick, and so on, each of whom had brought honor to himself, the king and the country. Then came another candidate—a stooped, shabbily dressed old woman, from whose dim eyes shone the light of knowledge, understanding, and love.

"Who is this?" demanded the king. "What has she done?" "You have seen and heard all the others," was the reply. "This is their teacher."

The people applauded mightily and the king descended from his throne to do her honor.

—William Forney Horis
Sentinel Printing Co.

THE LIGHT TOUCH

Hard to Take

THE WARDEN of a large prison was escorting a party of five M.P.'s through the institution. They passed through a room where two women were busy sewing.

As they went out of this room, one of the M.P.'s said: "My what hard-looking women! What are they in for?"

With ice in his voice the warden replied: "They are here because they have no other home. That is our private living room, and they are my wife and mother-in-law."

Knows All

"So you attend Sunday School regularly?" asked the bishop.

"Oh, yes, sir," answered the little girl.

"And you know your Bible?"

"Oh, yes, sir."

"Could you perhaps tell me something that is in it?"

"I could tell you everything that's in it."

"Indeed," smiled the bishop. "Do tell me."

"Sister's boy friend's snapshots and Mama's recipe for vanishing cream, and a lock of my hair cut off when I was a baby."

Time

The real secret of how to use time is to pack it as you would your luggage, filling up the small spaces with small things.—Henry Haddow, from *Wesley News*

Censorship

An elderly colored woman who is one of the best-liked persons in her community was asked what her formula was for making and keeping friends.

"Well, honey, dey's jes' one rule I follows," she replied. "Ise allus mighty careful to stop and taste mah words 'fore I lets 'em pass mah teeth."

* * * * *

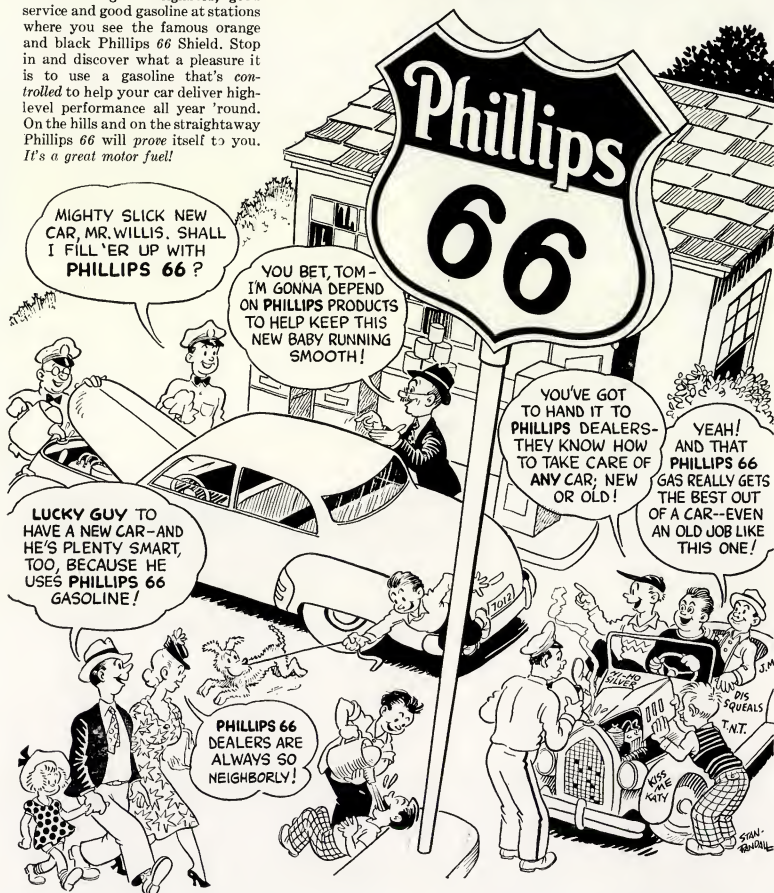
If you can't write it and sign it—don't say it.

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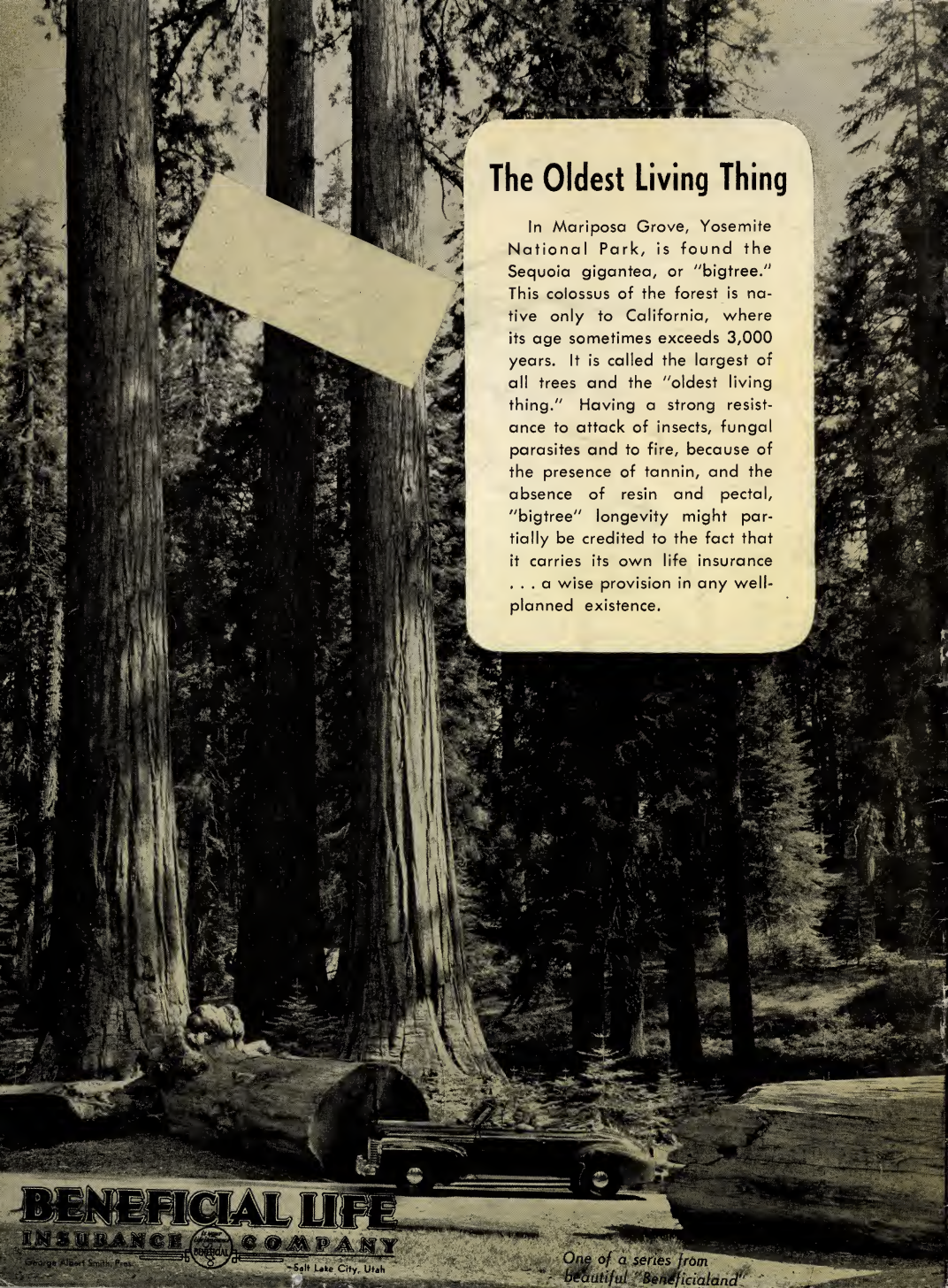
You'll find good neighbors, good service and good gasoline at stations where you see the famous orange and black Phillips 66 Shield. Stop in and discover what a pleasure it is to use a gasoline that's controlled to help your car deliver high-level performance all year 'round. On the hills and on the straightaway Phillips 66 will prove itself to you. It's a great motor fuel!



IN WASATCH COUNTRY LOOK FOR THIS SIGN, TOO

PHILLIPS 66 GASOLINE





The Oldest Living Thing

In Mariposa Grove, Yosemite National Park, is found the *Sequoia gigantea*, or "bigtree." This colossus of the forest is native only to California, where its age sometimes exceeds 3,000 years. It is called the largest of all trees and the "oldest living thing." Having a strong resistance to attack of insects, fungal parasites and to fire, because of the presence of tannin, and the absence of resin and pectal, "bigtree" longevity might partially be credited to the fact that it carries its own life insurance . . . a wise provision in any well-planned existence.

BENEFICIAL LIFE
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George Albert Smith, Pres.

Salt Lake City, Utah

One of a series from
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